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Savage Nature

Sir: Implicit in the whole ecological argument and in your cover article on Alaska (July 27) is the assumption that nature's way is the best way, that if man had never tampered with nature his life would have been much healthier and longer and his spirit would have remained free and uncorrupted. Nothing could be further from the truth. As your own article points out, the Aleuts, Eskimos and Indians of Alaska have only a life expectancy of 35 years, and most live broken, impoverished lives. Nothing is more savage, cruel or capable of breaking a man's spirit than unbridled nature. It is based on violence, with one animal eating another, and its quick violent storms can break a man in a minute. Not everything nature does is right or the best. Man must tame and change it if he is to survive. I think that it's good to remember that, with all our pollution, our life expectancy isn't 35.

JOSEPH RADINSKY
Lafayette, Ind.

Sir: Congratulations on your excellent coverage of Alaska's environmental and development problems. It is one of the most comprehensive articles on this situation to appear in a national magazine to date.

There are many Alaskans who deplore the thoughtless rush towards resource exploitation. We do not object to carefully planned and regulated development, but we don't want to sell the last unspoiled environment for a handful of dollars.

RAY BANE
Hughes, Alaska

Sir: The Senate offer of \$1 billion to the Alaska natives for 350 million acres is \$2.82 per acre. What Congressman would sell his land for that when there is oil under some of it? Compare this to the revenue of the state of Alaska: already \$900 million by leasing to oil companies the 434,000 acres on the North Slope (legally liberated from the natives) and a potential \$200 million per year from pipeline oil royalties and taxes.

R. EDWARD BROWN
Highland Park, Mich.

Sir: With its \$900 million, Alaska's state government might well consider sending all its citizens on an inspection tour of the grimy and dreary industrial communities that adjoin Jersey City, N.J., or Gary, Ind. Such shock treatment, hopefully, might send Alaskans home more willing to resist the appeals of union leaders and Chambers of Commerce when they promise profits and progress, seemingly without cost.

DARRELL KRISTO
Valparaiso, Ind.

Sir: First it was the Gold Rush, then it was the Copper Rush, now it is the Oil Rush. After we drain Alaska of all its natural resources, who are we going to sell it to?

KEVIN BOURQUE
Boston

Sir: Trapper Joe Delia has only to look at himself to see why "people can't live out like they used to." Mr. Delia, who would trap wild animals for their pelts and who would net thousands of salmon "just to feed our teens," is not better

LETTERS

than the oil companies who would ruin Alaska's fragile ecology.

SCOTT SWANSON
Daly City, Calif.

Look Homeward

Sir: No one who has been laid off recently will be impressed by business's efforts as social activists (July 20). Corporations are themselves societies and must behave responsibly to their own membership before Adam Smith's "invisible hand" will guide employees to optimize customer and stockholder interests. No responsible society from nation down to family ejects members to cut costs. To do so destroys loyalty and teamwork.

DR. WILLIAM M. WALLACE
Buckley, Wash.

Sir: What more can business do? Instead of using money to duplicate Government programs such as Job Corps or Head Start, it can show Government how to reorganize existing agencies along a corporate model, so that results are more effective. Business and foundations should join to establish new models for welfare programs, without the drag of politics and often conflicting legislation.

Government has the funds to dispense, but does not have the money to change its structure, which is the greatest obstacle in solving the problems of poverty and urban ills. A tight corporate approach will serve a Government in disarray best because it will show what can be done. Adam Smith's "invisible hand" should lead business to reform the Government in "human profit" efforts.

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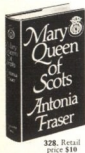
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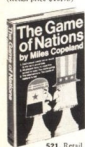
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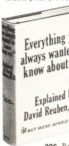
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ciency because effective government is the best way to cure a sick society.

DANIEL E. CHARRBONEAU
Annandale, Va.

Sir: Nothing short of a basic change in attitude—one that places the human condition above the G.N.P.—will suffice if we are to fashion a society attaching greater worth to quality than to quantity.

I have no sympathy for those corporate laggards who transact business as usual, waiting for the governmental whip to prod them into action. If big business needs guidance in formulating social acceptance programs, why doesn't it seek out political and social scientists and ecologists with the same zeal it displays in wooing accountants and engineers?

The consumer can do his part by consciously patronizing those firms which are not bent on a cleanup of the public but are making a determined effort to clean up their effluents.

There is one internal stimulus that industry does respond to most expeditiously: an unfavorable profit-and-loss statement. An enlightened buying public can help prevent America's socio-ecological crisis from becoming a *fait accompli*.

JOSEPH C. DAVIS JR.
Norfolk, Va.

Hard Sell

Sir: I take issue with your ascribing an underlying motive to the President in refusing to consult Congress before ordering military incursions into Cambodia [July 13]. His answer, though unmistakably concise and logical, is dismissed as not

"apt." A responsible Commander in Chief does not inform the enemy of the time and location of an impending attack. I think you will find that a decided majority of troops, officers and high commanders will bear me out on the efficacy and soundness of this policy.

HAROLD B. GREEN
Garland, Texas

Appreciation of Artistry

Sir: Thank you for that fine article on Bessie Smith [Aug. 3]. Few white people appreciated her artistry while she was alive, and the black people with whom she communicated so directly in the '20s forsook her kind of blues as the Swing Era approached. The current black awareness includes a proud backward glance and an embracing by black people of their heritage. Miss Smith, too long an unsung musical force, is an important part of that heritage. Her rediscovery by black youth is, I believe, a factor that accounts for much of the current reissue's success.

I was bothered by the reference to me as a "Blues Expert." I have never considered myself a blues expert. In fact, I believe the only experts in that field are the performers themselves.

CHRIS ALBERTSON
Manhattan

Foundation of the Problem

Sir: Nothing I've read recently has delighted me more than your article "Do Cities Really Need Dogs?" [July 20]. New York needs them for the way it needs dirtier streets and parks. For years I've been cru-

sading against this horrendous problem with virtually every department in the city. If something isn't done soon, we'll all wake up one day to a new foundation—made up entirely of dog dirt.

(Mrs.) DORIS J. PEARSALE
Manhattan

Sir: Time's article suggests that city dwellers have taken advantage of man's best friend by forcing him into an environment literally not fit for a dog.

GEORGE E. TALMAGE
Indianapolis

Sir: Would it not be more worthwhile to discuss the problems caused by (and the virtues of "curbing") the excessive human population and its incessant reproduction? Does the world really need people, or shall we begin shooting them?

(Pfc.) ROBERT B. KEISER
Okinawa

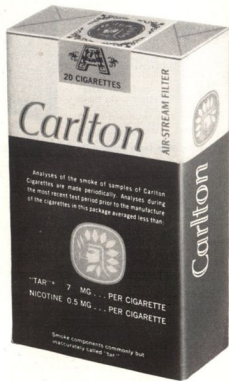
How to Spike a Bike

Sir: How fortunate that cyclists in Manhattan can bring their bikes into their offices [July 27]. The insurance company I work for in San Francisco would not allow me to leave my three-speed Raleigh in the employees' garage overnight when there was a sudden rainstorm at quitting time. The company's reasoning was that the bicycle was likely to "fall over and damage an employee's automobile."

KAREN SMITH
San Francisco

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shows Carlton
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

August 17, 1970 Vol. 96, No. 7

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Flaming Liberals

For more than two years, the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography has mired itself in the subject, studying the effects of smut upon the nation's life. In a preliminary report leaked last week, one of the commission's panels argues, among other things, that pornography does not contribute to sex crimes, delinquency or any other antisocial behavior.

That is hardly news; a Danish commission, for example, came to the same conclusion some time ago. But the U.S. report also finds that "persons who hold sexually, socially and politically liberal attitudes generally report more arousal to sexual stimuli" than conservatives. Liberals might be flattered by the report's argument that "a strong response to erotic stimuli requires imagination, the ability to project and sensitivity."

But the distinction is difficult to prove. For one thing, pornography has been a private enthusiasm, so that epochs of conservative outward rectitude, such as Victorian England, have produced lush undergrowths of erotica. And anyone who has ever attended a smoker with conservatives in, say, Prairie Village, Kansas, knows that the gusto for smut is nonpartisan. When he heard of the report, California Congressman John Rousselot, a conservative Republican, grumbled: "How did they determine it? I know they didn't interview me."



MANHATTAN PEEP-SHOW SHOP
Nonpartisan gusto.

Punny Farm

San Francisco *Chronicle* Columnist Herb Caen, pandering to some low and unworthy instinct, has concocted a game called "punny farm." Caen invited his readers to tousle the language with names for their pets and other animals.

Entries: a gopher named Broke, a crow named Magnon, a donkey named Hodey, and another donkey (German) named Shane, a rabbit named Transit, a horse named Greeley, a sparrow called Agnew, an asp named Pidistra, an aardvark called A-million-miles-for-one-of-your-smiles. Also, reversing the order,

FLIP SCULLEE—LIFE



AARDVARK
And Melon collie too.

a rat named Frank Lloyd, a collie named Melon, a pair of egrets called Miss Otis. Any more of that from the Caen guru, and his readers will all be like a raven named Stark.

Bureaucracy of Courage

A representative of the Defense Department's Advanced Research Project Agency appeared before a House subcommittee to argue for a \$700,000 appropriation for its "Human Performance Program," a study to determine whether a U.S. fighting man can be taught to understand and control his bodily functions in time of stress or combat.

For instance, when someone is shooting at him, a soldier's temperature varies, and his stomach tightens. If he understands these changes, it is assumed he will be better able to control his fear. Through some psychological self-regulation, soldiers on night patrol might learn to master their visceral fright or their bodies' call for sleep.

Courage in battle has fascinated writers from Homer to Hemingway, precisely because it contained a human mystery, an almost perverse will to rise to impossible occasions. Perhaps no modern army can rely upon the mysteries of heroism. But there is something odd and poignant in a bureaucracy spending \$700,000 to try to make the fear of death manageable.

WALTER DENNETT



BURGER

Justice: A

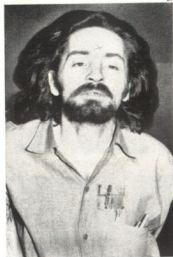
I wondered why it is that the westerns survive year after year. Perhaps one of the reasons, in addition to the excitement, the gunplay and the rest—and this may be a square observation—the good guys come out ahead in the westerns, the bad guys lose. In the end, as [Chisum] particularly pointed out, even in the old West there was a time when there was no law. But the law eventually came, and the law was important from the standpoint of not only prosecuting the guilty, but also seeing that those who were guilty had a proper trial.

THE words were those of President Richard Nixon, offered in a week to make anyone nostalgic for the simple but mythologized world of the classic American western. The orderly administration of justice took a beating, and even the President inadvertently contributed in a small way. With a slip of the tongue, he passed judgment on a man on trial for his life in California: Charles Manson, accused of masterminding the gruesome 1969 Sharon Tate murders. Four days later, a California superior court judge, kidnapped from his courtroom, died along with three of his captors in a grisly gun battle with police. Black Panther Huey Newton, freed on \$50,000 bail while awaiting a new trial for voluntary manslaughter, had absurdly venomous words for the system that had jailed him and then set him free. To a crowd of at least 500 clenched-fist supporters in Oakland, he shouted: "The Gestapo has promised that they will crush us!" Appropriately enough, at a meeting of state chief justices in St. Louis, Chief Justice Warren Burger pleaded for order in the court. Traditional courtroom discipline, he said, is "the absolutely imperative lubricant for an inherently contentious process."

Burger made his appeal for decency on the day of the California kidnapping,



WAYNE IN "CHISUM"



MANSON



NEWTON (BARE-CHESTED) AFTER RELEASE

Bad Week for the Good Guys

the most bizarre affront to justice in a long time. Jonathon Jackson, 17, brother of a black accused of racial killings in a Soledad, Calif. prison, walked into the Marin County Hall of Justice in San Rafael, 15 miles north of San Francisco. Judge Harold Haley, 65, was presiding over the trial of James McClain, accused of stabbing a San Quentin prison guard while serving a sentence for burglary. Other San Quentin inmates were on hand as witnesses. Russell Magee, 31, was inside the courtroom; William Christmas, 27, was under guard in the corridor outside.

Taped Shotgun. Jackson sat down among the spectators for a few minutes. Then suddenly he opened a satchel, drew out a pistol and tossed it to McClain. He pulled a carbine out from under his raincoat and ordered: "Freeze!" McClain held the pistol against Judge Haley's head. Magee slipped outside and freed Christmas, bringing him into the courtroom. While a bailiff sneaked outside to alert police, one of the men picked up a telephone in the courtroom and forced Judge Haley to call the sheriff's office. McClain reportedly demanded: "Call off your pigs or we'll kill everyone in the room." To keep Judge Haley in tow as their principal hostage, one gunman fastened a sawed-off shotgun to his neck with adhesive tape so that the muzzle hung a few inches from Haley's chin. They tied together with piano wire four other hostages. Deputy District Attorney Gary Thomas and three women jurors.

As police set up a roadblock just outside the civic center, Jim Kean, 47, a photographer for the San Rafael *Independent-Journal*, who had heard the alarm on a police radio in his car, arrived in the building and practically collided with the escaping gunmen. "You take all the pictures you want," said one. "We are the revolutionaries." As they briefly dis-

cussed whether or not to take Kean hostage as well, he and his *Independent-Journal* colleague Roger Bockrath caught an astonishing series of photographs (see following page). The gunmen decided to leave Kean behind. They walked out into the warm sunshine wielding guns and highway flares disguised to look like dynamite, then loaded themselves and their five captives into a rented Ford panel truck.

Incredibly, the police, though they knew there were five hostages inside, by most eyewitness accounts opened fire on the truck as it approached the roadblock. They exchanged gunfire with the men in the truck for one mad minute of hell. When it was over, Judge Haley was dead, his jaw and part of his face blown off by a blast from the shotgun taped to him. James McClain, William Christmas and the young intruder lay dead as well. Magee, Deputy District Attorney Thomas and one of the jurors were wounded.

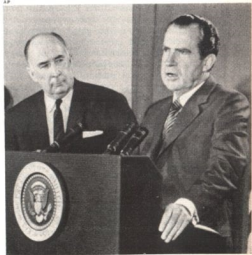
Verbal Fencing. It was in Denver's Federal Building that President Nixon committed the startling gaffe of prejudging the case of Charles Manson. While complaining that the press had made Manson a glamorous hero, Nixon said: "Here was a man who was guilty, directly or indirectly, of eight murders without reason." For a lawyer who occasionally delivers homilies on legal propriety, this was a serious breach.

Attorney General John Mitchell, who was standing at Nixon's side, instantly recognized Nixon's error. "This has got to be clarified," he told Presidential Aide John Ehrlichman immediately afterward. Unhappily, what ensued was a series of errors compounded by instant communications. Startled reporters dashed to the pressroom, and within minutes, the bulletins were moving across the land. The statement was filmed and

broadcast later on network television, with a clarification appended.

But the damage was already done. It was not until half an hour after Nixon spoke that Press Secretary Ron Ziegler reappeared before the newsmen. After some minutes of verbal fencing, Ziegler agreed that Nixon's words about Manson should be retracted. When Ziegler told Nixon what had happened, the President was surprised: "I said 'charged,'" he replied. During the 3½-hour flight back to Washington, Mitchell persuaded Ziegler to put out a statement backing Ziegler up. It read in part: "The last thing I would do is prejudice the legal rights of any person in any circumstances. I do not know and did not intend to speculate as to whether or not the Tate defendants are guilty, in fact, or not."

Bon Ami. The President's *faux pas* came in the middle of another attack on his frequent foe, the press. Nixon

MITCHELL & NIXON IN DENVER
Too late to correct the gaffe.

had just come from a ten-day working holiday in San Clemente, where he found himself angered by the coverage given the Manson case in the local media. Many of the young, Nixon said in Denver, "tend to glorify and to make heroes out of those who engage in criminal activities." Was it the fault of the press? Yes and no, said Nixon. Yes: "It is done perhaps because people want to read or see that kind of story." No: "This is not done intentionally by the press." In fact, the Los Angeles papers have played the story at length, but they have done so dispassionately.

In Los Angeles, the effect of Nixon's remarks on the Manson trial was instant and dramatic. While the Los Angeles *Times* came out the same afternoon with a four-inch headline reading **MANSON GUILTY, NIXON DECLARES**, Judge Charles Older went to great lengths to ensure that the jury, which has been sequestered since the trial began, would not learn of Nixon's remarks. The windows of the jury bus were whited over with Bon Ami so that no juror could glimpse the headline on street newsstands. If the jury discovered Nixon's verdict, the defense might have grounds for a mistrial. His efforts were to no avail. Next day Manson himself displayed a copy of the *Times* to the jury for some ten seconds before a bailiff grabbed the newspaper from his hands. Judge Older called a recess, then questioned the jurors one by one to satisfy himself that their judgment would not be affected. An alternate juror convulsed the courtroom when he announced his disclaimer: "I didn't vote for Nixon in the first place." The judge denied a motion for a mistrial, and the defense lawyers proceeded with cross-examination of the state's star witness, Linda Kasabian, a former member of the Manson "family."

The ghastly gunplay in San Rafael in a curious way pointed up the hazards of the President as film critic. In praising the new John Wayne film *Chisum*, he seems to have overlooked the fact that in it the good guys prevail over the bad guys only by taking the law into their own hands. That, of course, is what the "revolutionaries" of Marin County were attempting with such bloody results. Vigilantism appeals not only to conservatives; it is no accident that S.D.S. members, too, loved the John Wayne of *True Grit*, last year's western in which Marshal Cogburn observes that "ya can't serve papers on a rat." Perhaps the President's interpretation of *Chisum* ought to be balanced by the message of an earlier western. No film has understood itself or its kind better than Sam Peckinpah's classic, *Ride the High Country* (1962), where youth meets frontier man rendered obsolete by the encroaching century. Says one character: "My father says there's only right and wrong, good and evil, nothing in between. It isn't that simple, is it?—No, it isn't; it should be, but it isn't."



CHRISTMAS WITH HOSTAGES IN CORRIDOR



McCLAIN & MAGEE LEAD JUDGE HALEY & HOSTAGES OUTSIDE



GROUP HEADS FOR GETAWAY VAN IN PARKING LOT

OFFICERS CLOSE IN ON VAN



THEY FIND HALEY DEAD INSIDE





HOSTAGE THOMAS LIES WOUNDED



WOUNDED WOMAN JUROR



BODIES OF McCLAIN & JACKSON



MAGEE LIES WOUNDED IN PARKING LOT



JUDGE HALEY'S BODY ON TRUCK FLOOR

THE SENATE Fulbright's Firing Line

For a man who constantly complains that the U.S. Senate is being ignored, Arkansas Senator J.W. Fulbright consistently manages to grab a remarkable amount of national attention. He was at his testy best again last week. He took on the Administration, charging that it had "tailored and even changed facts" in rushing a renewal agreement with Spain concerning the use of U.S. military bases there. He also assailed the television industry for doing as much to expand the powers of the presidency "as would a constitutional amendment formally abolishing the [other two] branches of Government." Both attacks were in line with Fulbright's contention that the Executive Branch dangerously dominates the Government and has usurped powers assigned by the Constitution to the Congress.

Spain. Fulbright said that he had no basic quarrel with the contents of the five-year agreement signed last week by Secretary of State William Rogers and Spain's Minister of Foreign Affairs Gregorio López Bravo; in fact, he added, he would probably vote for it if it were submitted to the Senate as a treaty to be ratified. But that had not been done, and that is what irked Fulbright.

In a Senate speech, he argued that the agreement should have been examined publicly by the Senate instead of being worked out in secret, and he noted that it will be submitted for approval to Spain's legislative body, the Cortes. He found it ironic that on this topic "there is more open discussion" in the restrictive Franco regime than in the U.S. Fulbright wondered why the Administration routinely handles such trivial matters as a cooperative effort with Mexico to help recover and return "stolen archaeological, historical and cultural properties" by Senate-ratified treaty, but makes a consequential deal with Franco by executive stipulation. Fulbright threatened to seek a congressional ban on the use of U.S. military funds in Spain unless they are authorized by treaty. There is little likelihood that he could muster a Senate majority for such a measure.

The State Department contends that the agreement does not constitute any commitment by the U.S. to defend Spain if it is attacked by another nation, and thus is not similar to a mutual-defense treaty requiring ratification. The highly ambiguous language of the agreement includes a promise that each government "will support the defense system of the other" and "will make compatible their respective defense policies in areas of mutual interest." No one seems sure just what that means—which is probably the intent. The agreement will allow the U.S. to continue to use three airbases in Spain (at Saragossa, Morón and Torrejón) and a Polaris submarine and Mediterranean fleet-support base at Rota. The bases are manned by 10,000 U.S.



FULBRIGHT
Communication is power.

servicemen. In return, the U.S. will provide Franco with at least \$300 million worth of military aid, including 36 phased-out F-4C Phantom jet fighter-bombers.

Television. Fulbright's fire at television was prompted by the heavy use of the air waves by President Nixon. He has made 14 appearances in prime time in just 19 months in office. Throughout their presidencies, Lyndon Johnson enjoyed such exposure only seven times, John Kennedy four times and Dwight Eisenhower three. "Communication is power," argued Fulbright, "and exclusive access to it is a dangerous unchecked power." Fulbright introduced a resolution that would require the networks to grant spokesmen for the House and Senate at least four chances a year to air their views without charge. He did not say how they would be chosen. Rhode Island's Senator John O. Pastore indicated the difficulty of that. "I can give you the names of five guys who would never give the rest of us a chance," he said, suggesting that at least one of them would be J. William Fulbright.

Testifying before Pastore's Senate Communications Subcommittee, the presidents of the three major TV networks criticized the proposal as an infringement of journalistic freedom. The issue was deftly turned against the Senators by W. Theodore Pierson, special counsel to the Republican National Committee, who suggested that one way for them to get their views across would be to stop banning television cameras from the Senate floor.

FCC Chairman Dean Burch, appointed last September by Nixon, also opposed any law that would require stations to open their studios to any particular groups. The public, he said, has the right to be informed, and broadcasters have a duty to be fair. But he indicated that he agrees with the FCC's 21-year-old "Fairness Doctrine," which holds that there is no right of "the Government, any broadcast licensee or any individual member of the public, to broadcast his own particular views on any matter."

ARMED FORCES GB Or Not GB?

Georgia Governor Lester Maddox wanted to ride atop the train to prove its cargo safe. The mayor of Macon, Ga., Ronnie Thompson, has vowed to use force, if necessary, to keep it from passing through his city. A Pentagon spokesman insists that the chances of "catastrophe" are virtually zero, yet the Army is quietly stockpiling quantities of a lifesaving antidote along the proposed route. The British Foreign Office (representing the government of the Bahamas) has questioned the wisdom of the plan.

What has given everyone the jitters is a colorless, almost odorless nerve gas coded GB, able to kill or incapacitate human beings within seconds. It blocks the enzyme the body uses to destroy one of its own chemical nerve-signal transmitters that becomes poisonous after serving its function. This affects control of the nervous system and ultimately causes the body to poison itself. This week, if all goes according to plan, the Army will begin shipping 12,540 rockets armed with GB from depots in Anniston, Ala., and Blue Grass, Ky., to Sunny Point arsenal in North Carolina. There the rockets, crated in concrete-and-steel boxes, will be loaded on a hulk, towed to sea some 230 miles off the Florida coast and scuttled in 16,000 ft. of water.

Do Not Drop. The disposal plan has stirred the same furor that forced the Army to cancel similar shipments twice in the past year. The specter of the gas escaping to pollute the ocean has been raised by both England and the Bahamas, and indeed, environmentalists are worried. There is no positive proof that the dumping will or will not cause permanent damage. Dr. Howard L. Sanders, senior scientist at the Woods Hole

Oceanographic Institute, called the plan "sheer, unbelievable inefficiency and stupidity." Florida Governor Claude Kirk went one step further, promising to "pursue every avenue available to me to see to it that this dangerous substance is not deposited just beyond our shores."

Also of concern is the transportation of deadly gas over creaky southern rail lines that, according to the National Transportation Safety Board, account for a disproportionate number of the nation's train wrecks and derailments. More than 400,000 people live along the 661 miles of track the Anniston train will cover, and, reportedly, the thin concrete walls encasing the rockets are fragile if dropped on one of their corners.

So far, the Army has been somewhat slow in responding to its critics. Last Monday, Brigadier General W.W. Stone Jr., Director of Chemical and Nuclear Operations, told a nervous Senate subcommittee that the Army would never again carry defective or old nerve weaponry around the country by train, a virtual admission that the plan was not a sound one. Called on to support the Army plan, the White House environmental expert, Russell Train, cited the need to dispose of the rockets (earlier Senate witnesses had testified that the propellant was becoming unstable and that there was evidence of small leaks), but he admitted the plan was at best "the least undesirable one."

Throughout, the Army clanked along with its preparations, and the gas, with or without Maddox, should be in Sunny Point by this Friday. As an editorialist in the Washington *Daily News* pointed out: "There is something perverse about the grand old American habit of using oceans and rivers as convenient dump holes for all manner of poisonous crud. There must be a better way."



GB CONTAINERS AWAITING SHIPMENT IN ANNISTON
A specter escaping to pollute the ocean.

The Women on the Hustings

THEY started off well enough. Led by Jeannette Rankin, a give-'em-hell Montana suffragette, women cracked the congressional sex barrier in 1916, four years before they won the right to vote. Since then, things have slowed down a bit. In the last half-century, only 75 women have been elected or appointed to seats on Capitol Hill.

In the current Congress, there are only eleven female members, as opposed to 19 nearly a decade ago. The problem, of course, was and is discrimination. All too often, the electorate still view women politicians as sideshow curiosities. The political *doyens* of both parties, who control campaign funds, have a disturbing tendency to disappear when a woman manages to capture a party nomination.

Volunteer Work. This year, despite the obstacles and for reasons as varied as the candidates themselves, women are returning to the political lists in force: nearly a score of women are campaigning for election to major offices this fall. Ten of the eleven incumbents are up for re-election. All seem to be shoot-ins, and at least two of the newcomers appear certain to carry their races as well.

Last week Lenore Romney, wife of HUD Chief George Romney, won a hotly contested Republican primary for U.S. Senator in Michigan. Though not considered likely to defeat Democratic Incumbent Philip Hart, Mrs. Romney is by no means out of the race. Should she win she would become the fourth woman elected to a full six-year term in the Senate. She ran for public office because "this country is in a terrible mess in every area, and the times demand new leadership." After 21 years of volunteer service, she felt competent to provide that leadership. "Volunteer work is working with people. In a political context, is this unimportant?" she asks.

Apparently, many thought so. A slender, pretty woman of 61, Lenore had difficulty in persuading voters that she was skilled in politics or battle-tested in any significant arena.

Like her husband, Lenore Romney campaigns as a defender of the home, the family and the church, but without the specific suggestions for solving the problems of the decade. She favors equal work opportunity for women but does not believe that American womankind is in need of liberation. On Viet Nam, she shares the view that the U.S. should not have entered the war, but agrees that Nixon's pace of withdrawal is the best currently possible. Something stronger will likely

be needed to best Hart, a popular liberal Democrat with widespread support throughout the state.

Among the other candidates:

► **Mrs. Phyllis Schlafly**, in her late forties and the author of *A Choice Not an Echo*, which sounded the theme for Barry Goldwater's disastrous 1964 campaign, is a Republican candidate for Congress in Illinois. A blunt conservative who advocates a military establishment beyond the wildest dreams of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, she also sees her role as that of a "congressional

watchdog" over excessive governmental expenditures.

► **Mrs. Kathleen Williams**, 50, a former editor of *Glamour* magazine, is a Democratic candidate for Congress in Indiana. Her prime interest is the impending crisis in medical care (too few doctors, nurses and beds). Exceptionally outspoken, she advocates

dropping all abortion laws and shifting the emphasis on crime from penalties to rehabilitative centers for drug addicts and drunks. Her slogan: "Indiana needs a woman in the House."

► **Louise Day Hicks**, 47, a nearly successful candidate for mayor of Boston, is now running as a Democrat for the House. She wants to end the war and divert that money and funds from the space program to cities. She has been endorsed by the Boston locals of the International Longshoremen's Association as "man enough for us," a phrase that would anger many a Women's Lib militant, but pleases the hard-nosed Mrs. Hicks.

► **Shirley Chisholm**, 45, now the only black Congresswoman and a Democratic candidate for re-election in New York City, is a maverick who deserted her party's candidate in order to support John Lindsay and could have written the book on Women's Liberation. Tough, honest and a veteran of years of political infighting in New York City, she believes that discrimination against women is so severe that "we have not even reached the level of tokenism yet."

► **Bella Abzug**, 50, a national leader of Women Strike for Peace and an originator of the dump-Johnson movement, was involved in most of the critical issues of the '70s long before they became part of the national dialogue. A Democratic congressional candidate from New York City, she defeated longtime Incumbent Leonard Farbstein in the Democratic primary. She is against the war, strongly in favor of women's rights, and almost a certain winner in November.

► **Myrlie B. Evers**, 37, the widow of murdered Civil Rights Leader Medgar Evers, is a Democrat who is "basically a peace candidate" for Congresswoman in California. Picked by local

Democratic leaders to be a sacrifice candidate in a heavily Republican district, she ran well in an interim election held earlier this year to fill the seat of the deceased incumbent and is now in the November race to win, even though she is given small chance of succeeding. "I found people genuinely frightened," she says. "They didn't know what to expect from a woman, and especially from a black woman."

Clearly, the strength of the women on the 1970 hustings is their diversity. Few generalizations apply. In the era of Women's Lib, they are for the most

part notably unmilitant. As with their male counterparts, their views are dictated by the constituencies and by their individual beliefs as well as party loyalties. Other than Bella Abzug, who, one of her supporters warned, "will come to Washington and turn this town upside down," they fit most easily into the traditional patterns: liberal, conservative, Republican, Democrat. But that comforting conformity to the System will be reversed, insists Shirley Chisholm. A woman President some day? "Of course," she snaps. "You can't stop it."



WILLIAMS



ABZUG



CHISHOLM



ROMNEY



EVERS



HICKS



SCHLAFLY

RACES

Camping with the Marines

This week 100 San Francisco boys are escaping the city's chilly August fogs for a week of fishing, swimming and hiking in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. They are not the sons of the middle class off with collegiate counselors; they are black, Mexican-American and Chinese youngsters of the city's ghettos—and their camping instructors are U.S. Marines.

They are the first of 400 youths scheduled to participate in a new program that has brought the military into the problems of the inner city. In late spring, a Marine Corps colonel attended a meeting concerning summer unrest held in Mayor Joseph Alioto's office and offered the Corps and its former survival training school near Lake Tahoe as a fresh-air refuge from the streets. San Francisco policemen recruited the 13- to 15-year-old campers, including some they had previously arrested for purse snatching and car theft. Businessmen put up the money for food, the Marines assigned mess sergeants, and reservists volunteered to act as counselors.

If Marine Camp High Sierra proves successful, San Francisco authorities have their eye on other branches of the armed forces. There is talk of using Navy ships for cruises and setting up camps at Air Force flight schools.

OPINION

Posthumous Pillory

No black American was so widely honored in his lifetime; yet segregationists denounced Martin Luther King Jr. as a Communist and worse, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover once publicly branded him a liar, and militant blacks eventually came to see him as a "sellout" to the white Establishment. Now a black writer has added yet another—and unlikely—epithet to those fastened on the assassinated leader. In a new book, *The King God Didn't Save* (Coward-McCann, Inc.; \$5.95), Novelist John Williams (*Night Song*, *The Man Who Cried I Am*) calls King a failure.

Full of frustration and seething black anger, Williams' book is both a compassionate catalogue of King's strengths and achievements and an agonizing reappraisal of his weaknesses. Dedicated to the memory of the man Martin Luther King "could have become had he lived," the book argues that King was the complicitous victim of a "white power" plot to manipulate, castrate and ultimately destroy him.

Fatal Inability. Though Williams' work is disorganized and repetitive, its message is clear. Williams believes that white power corrupted and then co-opted King by making him believe that he had power when, in fact, he had none, by granting him minor concessions so that he could not demand major

ones. "The white press," Williams says, "so thoroughly indoctrinated King and his people with the idea that the capitulation of the bus company [following the Montgomery, Ala., boycott] was a victory for the blacks that they believed it; believed, too, that other things would inevitably fall like tin soldiers, all in a neat line."

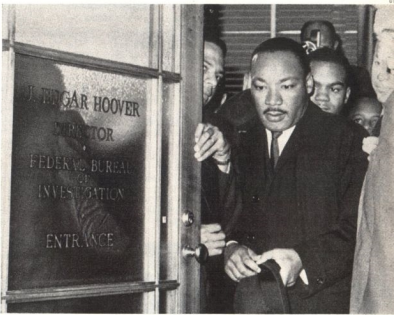
King, says Williams, suffered from a fatal inability to perceive what was happening to him, and believing in himself, continued to lash out at the white power structure. "He did not understand that it had armed him with feather dusters," Williams writes. "He was a black man and therefore always was and always would be naked of power, for he was slow, indeed unable, to perceive the manipulation of white power, and in the end white power killed him."

But not, Williams believes, without some help from King himself, for King

white society: he compromised. Says Williams: "Compromises that seem to favor black people have always turned out to be defeats for them. 'Political expediency' is nonexistent for Negroes. The demands made must be stood by."

The Doctors. Only toward the end of his career, Williams feels, did King fully understand the realities of power in America and begin to take the steps that would have made him a truly effective leader by seeking to unite the nation's poor across class and color line against the Viet Nam War. This idea, Williams argues, so threatened the hegemony of the white power structure that it decided that King must be destroyed.

King unwittingly provided the noose. Suspecting that some of his associates had Communist connections, the FBI began tapping King's telephone and bugging his hotel rooms in 1963. From a se-



KING LEAVING HOOVER OFFICE (1964)
Armed with feather dusters and flayed by hubris.

suffered from the tragic flaw of *hubris*. An ambitious, middle-class Christian, he sought success and basked in the public recognition that his efforts brought him, says the author, who interviewed many of King's friends and associates in preparing his book. King gloated over a magazine poll that showed him to be the nation's most respected black leader, savored his meetings with presidents and kings, accepted the Nobel Prize as if it were an inalienable right rather than a cherished award.

But he could not, states Williams, relate to the black underclass or understand its impatience with a system that refused to recognize its legitimate demands. Because of this lack of understanding, the angry Williams charges, King did what no black leader can afford to do if he is really to influence

curity viewpoint, the wiretaps uncovered nothing. They established no links between King and the Communists. But Williams reports, they did turn up an astonishing amount of information about King's extensive and vigorous sexual activities. (According to one of Williams' sources, identified only as Person B, "Martin and the rest of them had a code. A very attractive woman was called 'Doctor.' I forget the other name for women not so attractive.") Williams' informant was a "Doctor.")

Private Detail. Most newspapers ignored the rumors and leaks to them of King's extramarital activities, but their existence undermined King's effectiveness just the same. The effect, says Williams, was one of slow political assassination; King was spared it only by the bullet of James Earl Ray.

Williams has the correct outline of the FBI tape story. What he does not have is precisely what happened at the celebrated meeting between FBI Director Hoover and King in 1964. Hoover, TIME learned, explained to King just what damaging private detail he had on the tapes and lectured him that his morals should be those befitting a Nobel prize-winner. He also suggested that King should tone down his criticism of the FBI. King took the advice. His decline in black esteem followed, a de-

cline scathingly narrated by Williams.

Williams' anger over the slow progress of the fight for equality is more understandable than some of his charges. His depiction of "white power" as "a marsh underfoot for anyone not white . . . treacherous and deadly" is, of course, wildly exaggerated. Far more serious, King himself was less a victim than he was a victor. His leadership brought conscience and cohesion to the cause of black equality, while his faith in the tenets upon which the

country was founded forced Americans to recognize the equity of his demands and Congress to take action to meet them.

King's compromises were not capitulations, but sane and sound recognition of the way progress historically has been wrung from the American system. He may have failed to reach his ultimate goal. But by serving as the catalyst in the formation of a truly national civil rights movement, he laid the groundwork for its possible success in the future.

AMERICAN SCENE

The 16th Annual Tobacco Spit-Off

To the city dweller, chewing tobacco is that atavistic lump in a baseball player's cheek. In Raleigh, Miss. (pop. 614), site of the National Tobacco Spitting Contest, it is sport and sociology, an art actively practiced and boasted about. Champions are finally selected, as they should be, in a tournament that feeds the folklore for another year. TIME Correspondent Peter Range joined the aficionados for the 16th annual national spit-off and sent this report:

THE local newspaper, the *Smith County Reformer*, proclaimed it "the highlight of the year"—the opportunity to see old friends, run con-hounds, engage in a little politicking and, most of all, relish the earthy spectacle of competitive expectoration. The crowd comes early down the red clay road to Billy John Crumpton's pond five miles west of town. Easily 2,000 women, children and men in narrow-brimmed hats, drill trousers and sport shirts gather beside the one-acre pond for the day's events. While the Jaycees barbecue chicken and collect the \$1 entrance fee, prize con-hounds—black and tans, red ticks and treeing walkers—go through their paces.

The first event is coon-on-the-log. A chained raccoon in an open box atop a 24-ft. log is waded out 12 yds. from shore by two handlers. The hounds are released, and the baying dog who can swim to the log and dump the coon into the drink in the shortest time (winning time: 11.1 seconds) is declared the winner. A well-bred sire can bring up to \$9,000; raccoons come free to those who can catch them. The canine competition continues through drag races toward a caged coon hanging from a tree and another atop a floating gasoline drum. Among raccoon hunters this is all high art, punctuated by discussions about the bark, speed, height of jump and, above all, the nose of the animals involved.

While politicians, who know a good stump when they see one, exhort the all-white crowd and country bands pick and sing, the spitters gather around tobacco manufacturers' displays on Billy John's log-cabin porch to discuss their craft. Don Snyder, 22, the Mississippi State

University student who has held the distance crown for two years, explains that it takes time "to get your juice right. It can't be too thick or too thin. You've got to just chew for about an hour and not drink or eat anything and get your mouth adjusted to it. Then it's slick and smooth and just comes out easy."

Snyder is strictly a competitive chewer; he started at 17 when he first heard about the contest, and has been out to win from the beginning. He wears boots exactly twelve inches long, "so I can measure my practice spits without a tape." For a month before a big contest, he spits for about two hours a day, fixing his eyes, his head, his entire body on target before he lets fly a practice shot. Unlike others, he uses hardly any body thrust at all.

Near by, George Craft, 69, "the spit-tiniest man you ever did see," and official distance record holder (24 ft. 10.5 in.), points out: "You've got to have good jaw muscles." George polished his skills hitting moving targets like chickens and cats as a farm boy; he chews only Apple Sun Cured. "My mother could hit the fireplace

from anywhere in the living room," he recalls. "A spitter's greatest joy lies in hitting the moving target, preferably cats, chickens or snakes. You ought to see a cat run when you spit in his eye." Today he is semi-retired, but his presence at the contest is something akin to Jack Dempsey ringside at a heavyweight title bout.

Finally the first event, for accuracy, begins. A range of plywood sheets covered with butcher paper is laid out. Official Scorer Johnny Little, known as "the keeper of the cuspidor," cautions: "No licorice or other foreign matter mixed in." One by one the spitters toe the line, legs spread. They draw two fingers to the ends of their mouths, rock back like drawn bowstrings and let fly toward a distant spittoon. Don Snyder reaches the finals but loses the accuracy contest to Hulon Craft, a distant nephew of old George. Hulon comes to within 1½ inches of a spit-toon 15 feet away.

Screaming boys line the spitting range, older folks crowd up in folding aluminum chairs, and the bleachers sag under the weight of several hundred cheek-to-jowl spectators as Don Snyder begins his assault on the distance crown. The 22 entrants spew down the range. There are three rounds, and Snyder on his first try comes to within a foot of George Craft's 13-year-old record. On the second round he narrows the difference to less than two inches. Then Snyder arches his last shot 25 ft. 10 in. for a new world's record.

The folks have viewed a prodigious feat and they are ecstatic. "I don't see how anybody'll ever catch him unless he slips up," says George Craft. But against the day that Snyder is the sport's grand old man, Timmy Tullios, aged nine and for two years a chewer, is toeing the line with the men and firing away.

WINNER SNYDER





ARAB READING CEASE-FIRE NEWS IN BEIRUT



ISRAELI SOLDIER READING MAGAZINE ON SANDBAGS

THE WORLD

Toward the Era of Negotiations

FOR the first time in 17 months, the planes and cannon of Israeli and Arab alike lay motionless in the troubled Middle East, silenced by a cease-fire that was brought about by patient diplomacy and the realistic fear of Russia and the U.S. that they were approaching an undesirable confrontation. In Bonn, West German Chancellor Willy Brandt prepared to fly off to Moscow this week to sign a hard-won treaty with the Soviet Union that in effect marks the close of World War II in Eastern Europe.

In the inexorable march of history, wrote Hegel, there occur moments when the sheer weight of accumulating events finally produces a decisive change. August 1970 may well go down as one of those moments, the beginning of the elusive "era of negotiation" that has been forecast by Richard Nixon.

It is a measure of this anxious age that anything resembling good news is immediately regarded as suspect. Thus it must be remembered that both agreements face many tests. The cease-fire arrangement is only the precondition for reaching a Middle East settlement; the chances for a "just and lasting peace" remain slim. By the same token, only future Soviet actions can tell whether the German-Soviet accord will merely confirm the existing division of Europe or whether, as Chancellor Brandt hopes, it will provide an opportunity to overcome that division gradually. Moreover, other crucial negotiations are still deadlocked. As David Bruce assumed his new post as chief U.S. delegate to the Paris talks, the Communists scorned his call, repeatedly made by other Americans in the 77 previous sessions, for some serious movement in the negotiations.

Second Thoughts. Still, last week's events can hardly fail to affect other interrelated diplomatic opportunities. U.S.-Soviet cooperation in the Middle East is almost certain to aid the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks in Vienna. SALT, in turn, will probably affect negotiations in the Soviet-Chinese-Amer-

ican triangle. The Chinese, who fear Soviet-U.S. collusion at their expense, intend to resume talks with the U.S. soon in Warsaw. Undoubtedly Russia's nervousness about China contributes greatly to the Soviet desire to establish peaceful relations in Europe and to cooperate with the U.S. to avoid another round of war in the Middle East.

The Soviet Union continues to give strong backing to the Arabs. But by their unwillingness to encourage and finance another round of war with Israel, the Soviets have forced both Arabs and Israelis to consider the rough outline of a possible settlement. If negotiations proceed successfully, the most plausible scenario is that Israel will relinquish the bulk of the territories it conquered in the Six-Day War in return for ironclad guarantees that the Arab states will accept Is-

rael's existence. From such an agreement, a number of benefits might ultimately flow: the reopening of the Suez Canal, a solution to the problem of the Palestinian refugees, Arab-Israeli cooperation in the development of the desert, even a Middle East Common Market.

In Europe, the Soviets hope to use improved relations with Bonn as a means to help convene a European security conference. In the conference, the Soviets hope, among other things, to gain the West's full recognition of present European borders and to establish a security system that would reduce Western Europe's reliance on the U.S.

Secret Pacts. Twice before in this century, Germany and the Soviet Union have come to diplomatic agreements. The first time was at the Rapallo Conference of 1922, at which the Weimar Republic of Germany and the Soviet Union reached a rapprochement. More significant, the infamous (and short-lived) secret pact engineered by Molotov and Ribbentrop in 1939 was called a "non-aggression pact," but its main consequence was to allow Germany to attack Poland, thus plunging the world into war.

The prospect of new Soviet-German cooperation presents promise as well as peril. The promise is that the two powerful nations that hold the geographic keys to Europe have at last decided that peace is the only sensible solution. The peril is that the Treaty of Moscow will cause the West to succumb to a false sense of security that could again end in disillusionment. The accord might also tempt the Eastern Europeans to move too far and too fast in seeking accommodation with the West. If that happens, Soviet leaders may decide to reassert the Brezhnev Doctrine—just as they did in Czechoslovakia two years ago. Because of the dismal failure of Soviet-style Communism to develop healthy roots in Eastern Europe, Communism may face greater risks than the West by the creation of a more relaxed atmosphere.



WILLY BRANDT
Promise and peril.

The Suez: "Shalom" and "Salaam"

FOR much of the day, Egyptian artillery pounded Israeli positions across the Suez Canal, and Israeli jets roared into Egypt to drop their bombs. As usual, with the onset of darkness the firing slackened. Then, at 11:30 p.m., an Israeli patrol heard a sudden burst of gunfire and dove for cover. "We thought they were shooting at us," said the patrol leader. "But then we realized that they were shooting into the air. They were shouting. They were happy for the first time in many months."

Within another 30 minutes, it was official: a cease-fire was in effect between Israel and Egypt. That night Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, who normally tours the bunkers and fortresses of the Bar-Lev Line in an armored car, drove to the front in an open Jeep. With him was Captain David Halevy, who told TIME's Marlin Levin: "The quiet along the canal was deafening for anyone who had been there when the artillery was in full blast. We never saw Dayan more relaxed, smiling more easily. He talked to the men about tactics and morale during the cease-fire. Dayan sat on the top of a bunker where Egyptians could have seen him. Some of the men played chess; others were in an open field cleaning rifles or writing letters. In one fort they opened two bottles of wine supplied by the chaplain and drank a *l'chayim* [to life]."

At daybreak a few Egyptian soldiers strode past their dusty outposts and bathed in the canal's waters. Some of them shouted "Salaam" (peace) to Israeli soldiers, who returned the greeting with "Shalom." The Egyptian troops waved, but the Israelis were ordered not to wave back. Israeli commanders, who

have seen the fragile hope of peace destroyed before, cautioned their troops against doffing flak jackets and helmets, even in the 95° heat. "The Egyptians know that when we say that we will keep the cease-fire we mean it," said one Israeli commander. "Some of us are not so trustful of them." On the other side of the canal, Egyptian officers were undoubtedly saying the same words.

Commando Ambush. On that note of suspended hostility and suspicion, Israel and Egypt entered into at least a 90-day cease-fire. Jordan and Lebanon, who supported Nasser's agreement, have reaffirmed their willingness to abide by previous cease-fire arrangements. But neither the current truce nor talks have been formally agreed to by two of the Arab combatants (Syria and Iraq). Another serious threat is the Palestinian guerrilla movement, which promised that "our operations will continue as usual—perhaps more than usual." The fedayeen did not wait long to take the spoiler's role and just six hours after the cease-fire, commandos fired on an Israeli patrol on the occupied Golan Heights, wounding three soldiers. The Israelis, naturally, intend to defend themselves against such sneak attacks, and the opportunities for either side to provoke a new outbreak of fighting, even unintentionally, are painfully obvious.

The cease-fire, which was drafted according to a U.S. proposal, covers a 100-km.-wide area, or roughly 31 miles on either side of the canal. Both sides are obligated to refrain from strengthening their military position in that area, which on the Egyptian side includes the points where Soviet crews would be most likely to install any new SAM missile launch-



ISRAELI SOLDIER CELEBRATING IN TEL AVIV

The silence was deafening.

ers. It also includes numerous SAM sites already in existence. Theoretically, both the Arabs and Israelis are free to build up their military strength behind these lines. Whether they do so, of course, depends primarily on their big-power arms suppliers.

Responsibility for enforcing the cease-fire falls primarily to the two countries involved. The width of the nonfiring zone permits each to keep an eye on the other through "oblique reconnaissance." The camera-carrying planes fly high enough to photograph enemy territory without crossing the border, though some direct overflights are permitted. In addition, about 100 U.N. truce observers, who have spent most of their time since the 1967 Six-Day War ducking the Suez crossfire, remain to supervise the truce on the ground.

The next step for both sides will be indirect negotiations under Gunnar Jarving's supervision. Working inside his customary cocoon of secrecy, the Swedish diplomat last week began sounding out Arab and Israeli U.N. ambassadors in Manhattan about arrangements for the meetings. The Israelis, who are eager to begin face-to-face negotiations as soon as possible, reportedly want to keep the indirect ones close to home (perhaps on Cyprus). The Arabs, who refuse to bargain at the same table with Israel, prefer New York. One possible compromise might be to begin the talks on Cyprus, then move to New York when foreign ministers start arriving for the General Assembly session in September.

Domestic Problems. In accepting the peace initiatives advanced by Secretary of State William Rogers, both Arab and Israeli leaders have been forced to sacrifice wartime unity and take issue with militant minorities. In Israel last week,



WOUNDED ISRAELIS TOASTING THE CEASE-FIRE
To life.

the long-awaited showdown finally occurred between Mrs. Meir and the hawkish Gahal faction of her Cabinet. At the first mention of the word "withdrawal" in her speech to the *Knesset* (parliament), Gahal Leader Menahem Begin rose from his Cabinet seat and walked slowly past Golda to the members' benches, thus fracturing the three-year-old government of national unity. Nonetheless, the Premier easily won support for her peace stand by a vote of 66 to 28.

The Arabs had many more serious problems in their ranks. A meeting of the main Arab combatants in Tripoli was boycotted by Iraq and Algeria and criticized by Arab commandos. Nasser, clearly stung by recent demonstrations against him in Baghdad, took an angry swipe at Iraqi military performance, asking sarcastically: "Why has the enemy not been attacking your forces?" In Amman, pro-Nasser and anti-Nasser guerrillas clashed twice, killing at least two of their number and taking rival prisoners. As the splits in Arab unity grew deeper each day, Beirut Columnist Adel Malek declared: "What is really needed now is a cease-fire among the Arabs."

Even if the cease-fire should hold between the Israelis and the Arabs, there

is no guarantee that the two sides can move any closer to the final settlement, which has eluded them through three wars and nearly a quarter-century of bitterness. "The chances of success on the U.S. proposals," Nasser reportedly calculated, "are only half of 1%." Golda Meir admitted that "ahead of us still lie difficult trials." Nonetheless, Washington sees greater hope than in many years for some kind of Middle East settlement—or, at the very least, a prolonged cooling-off period. For one thing the cease-fire's earliest expiration date is Nov. 5, when the U.N. General Assembly will be in session. That will place strong pressure on both sides to extend it. Moreover, the Russians, who have apparently concluded that further conflict in the Middle East is not in their own interest, have continued to give strong backing to Rogers' effort. One example: after the Iraqis violently criticized Nasser for accepting the U.S. truce proposal, the Soviets summoned a high-level delegation. In Moscow, First Deputy Premier Kirill Mazurov told the Iraqis flatly that Russia holds the "profound conviction" that peace in the Middle East "meets the genuine interests of the Arab peoples."



KNESSET VOTING APPRO

Discreet Messenger to the Middle East

GUNNAR JARRING is a model of the classic diplomat: discreet, discerning and infinitely patient. His reticence with the press is legendary. Once when he answered a newsmen's question about the Middle East with a tight-lipped "No comment," U.N. Under Secretary-General Ralph Bunche swore that Jarring had been misquoted. "Gunnar would never say that much," declared Bunche.

As U Thant's special representative to the Middle East for more than 21 years, Jarring, who speaks nearly a dozen languages, including Arabic, Russian and French, has conducted the U.N.'s intermittent search for peace in the Middle East. Because Arab leaders adamantly refuse—for the time being, at least—to bargain with the Israelis face to face, Jarring's critical task is to explain each side's position to the other. His skill at doing just that is one of the few things the two sides have agreed on. "Jarring has a remarkable capacity for registering a conversation with all its nuances," says an Israeli diplomat who has dealt with him. "He must have a built-in tape recorder in his mind; he can sit for hours and absorb what he is being told, and report it without the slightest deviation."

Jarring's determination to remain "an impeccably behaved Western Union messenger," as an observer put it, disturbed some who participated in his unsuccessful round of indirect talks. When he saw that he had the trust of both sides, there is a chance that he might



JARRING

have broken the log jam by expressing his own opinion. But Jarring is convinced that the two sides must find ways of living together of their own accord, and can do so if kept in touch by a determined go-between. In that role Jarring performs heroically: while headquartered on Cyprus during the 1967-68 talks, he made at least 22 trips to Jerusalem, 15 to Cairo, 14 to Amman and four each to Beirut and New York.

Born on a farm still run by one of his brothers, Jarring, 62, was called into the army on the eve of World War II. He was posted to the Swedish embassy in Ankara because of his knowledge of

Turkish, which he had learned as a student at Sweden's Lund University. On a later assignment in Teheran, he spent off-duty hours hiking the countryside on language-studying trips. Once, when he had wandered across the Uzbekistan border by mistake, he reportedly spent a couple of nights in a Russian jail. One of his favorite relaxations has been the compiling of glossaries, including one on the Uzbekistan language.

He usually works in the book-lined study of the sea-coast bungalow where he and his wife Lillian spend their vacations. Their 21-year-old daughter Eva laughingly refers to the telephone in the summer home as "the hot line." It rang two weeks ago when U Thant called to summon Jarring to New York to embark upon yet another round of what is generally regarded as the world's most difficult diplomatic mission.

From 1958 to 1964, Jarring served as Swedish ambassador in Washington. Since then he has been Ambassador to the Soviet Union, but has now begun his fourth leave of absence to perform U.N. chores in the Middle East. As usual, he uttered not a single word about his plans, hopes or expectations. His only public statement on the Middle East situation was made during his 1967 round-robin travels. Once, on leaving Cairo, he said: "I am optimistic." On arrival in Beirut he at once sought to correct any impression that his Cairo conversations had been encouraging. "I am always optimistic," he said.

Europe: The End of World War II

AS the blue-and-gold Lufthansa jetliner rolled to a stop at Cologne airport late last week, the waiting crowd broke into a cheer. Out stepped Foreign Minister Walter Scheel. He brought home from Moscow two red-bound leather volumes containing a renunciation-of-force treaty between West Germany and the Soviet Union that he and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko had initialed only a few hours earlier. Perhaps unconsciously, Scheel spoke of accord in a phrase reminiscent of Bismarck's famed injunction to keep the line open to St. Petersburg, then Imperial Russia's capital. Said Scheel: "We have opened a gate to the East."

Actually, the West Germans have done far more than that. Despite disclaimers by Bonn, the Treaty of Moscow in effect represents nothing less than a peace treaty between West Germany and Russia. In the aftermath of defeat in World War II, the conquering powers sundered Germany, drawing the demarcation of the cold war's battle line through the heart of the beaten country. While West Germany became

a part of the Western defense and economic system and made, in effect, a separate peace with the Western Allies, Bonn's relations with the East bloc remained in a state of suspended hostilities. Bonn was the Soviet Union's chief whipping boy in Europe; the fear of renaissance Germany was the most persuasive Russian rationale for the continued presence of Soviet forces throughout Eastern Europe. West Germany's diplomatic claims, which included the right to represent East Germany in international affairs and demands for lands taken over by Poland, only buttressed Soviet propaganda charges that Bonn was a peril to peace.

The Treaty of Moscow changes all that. It recognizes existing postwar boundaries, including the Oder-Neisse Line, which forms Poland's western frontier, and brings an end to German claims on territory lost in the war.

Brandt's Grand Design. For West German Chancellor Willy Brandt, who flies to Moscow this week for the formal signing, the treaty marks the first crucial success of his *Ostpolitik*. That



OF ROGERS PLAN

The Light Touch of the Genial Rhinelander

"I'm not a special friend of pretension," Walter Scheel once said. Indeed he is not. He arrived in Moscow three weeks ago wearing a rumpled sports coat, striped shirt and red tie. He puffed on his Montecristo No. 1 cigars steadily throughout the twelve days of negotiations. One night he went on a tour of Moscow nightspots, ending up at the Slavyansky Bazar, a haunt of young Russians, where he danced exuberantly with bemused Russian girls.

Certainly he represents a new school of diplomacy, whose members believe in direct and candid contact. To traditionalists he may appear frivolous, if not downright reckless. By classic standards, Scheel would certainly seem too imprecise and incautious to negotiate treaties on which depend the fate of nations. The *London Financial Times* summarily dismissed him last fall as "an attractive and amusing man who cannot help looking lightweight."

The charge is not easy to deny, for Scheel does indeed seem to relish playing the clown. A few days before he was to leave for Moscow, Scheel named his newborn daughter Andrea after none other than Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. Then, in a balancing act, he gave the baby the middle name Gwendolyn because she was born on July 21, the day negotiations began for Britain's Common Market entry.

Scheel's friends insist that his manner is deceptive. They say: "He has a Rhinelander's way of being outwardly



SHEEL

charming, obliging and serene. But behind it is tenacity and perseverance."

Once when he was chided for not being hard enough, Scheel replied: "What is hardness? Isn't it perhaps more important that a person achieve in the end what he sets out to do? And most of the time I've succeeded."

Scheel was born in the cutlery town of Solingen in the Ruhr 51 years ago. The son of a wheel maker, he grew up to become a Luftwaffe pilot, a steel-factory superintendent and a politician. As leader of the left wing of the small Free Democratic Party, he served five years as Development Aid Minister

through two governments; his staying power was such that he dubbed himself "the Mikoyan of the F.D.P." It was he who led the F.D.P. to flip-flop from right to left, and was instrumental in forming the coalition that brought Willy Brandt to the chancellorship last October. His only concession to the formality of his new post was to forsake his sporty blue BMW for the properly ministerial black Mercedes limousine.

At Moscow, Scheel showed that he could both negotiate and make people laugh. When asked how he felt after the early discussions hit snags, he replied: "I've kept my casualness but for the time being I've canceled my cheerfulness." Later he won several important concessions, such as the unilateral declaration of German unity and a private understanding from Gromyko that the renunciation-of-force treaty would pave the way toward progress in the Big Four talks on Berlin. In an unusually cordial gesture, Gromyko invited Scheel for the weekend to his dacha outside Moscow. Shucking their coats and settling down in wicker chairs, the two men reviewed their negotiations while sipping tea, cognac and kvass, and ended the evening swapping hunting stories.

Scheel returned Gromyko's hospitality by throwing a lavish luncheon for both delegations. In the middle of the luncheon, Scheel, who had just received a picture of his baby daughter yawning, whipped out his wallet to show Gromyko his little German namesake.

is his grand design, which envisions a united Western Europe living in peace with its neighbors to the east.

Brandt's first concepts of the possibility of European conciliation were formed during his years as the hard-headed young mayor of West Berlin. Later, as Foreign Minister in the Grand Coalition from 1967-69, he made his first serious approaches to the East. After the Social Democrats formed a ruling coalition with Walter Scheel's Free Democrats following the September 1969 elections, Brandt dispatched his most trusted foreign policy adviser, State Secretary Egon Bahr, to Moscow for exhaustive preliminary discussions.

In 36 hours of talks over a four-month period, Bahr and Gromyko drafted a treaty for a mutual renunciation of force. But in West Germany, the opposition Christian Democrats attacked the plan as a sellout, because Bahr's

formal assurances concerning Berlin. But later, Gromyko promised Scheel privately that, once the renunciation-of-force treaty was signed, the Soviets would cooperate with the three Western Allies to improve the position of West Berlin. The Bonn delegation accordingly proceeded with the initialing of the treaty, but insisted that the West German government would not offer the document to the Bundestag for final ratification until progress on the Berlin question has taken place.

On the last afternoon, Gromyko disappeared into the depths of the Kremlin, where the treaty was approved at a special session of the Politburo. In the early evening, Gromyko drove to the guest villa on Lenin Hill, where Scheel was staying, and the two made arrangements for the initialing of the agreement the next day, and for the exchange of two accompanying letters.



SHEEL (SECOND FROM LEFT) GREETES GROMYKO (RIGHT) AT LUNCHEON
Bismarck said it first.

draft, among other things, failed to affirm Germany's right to eventual reunification. In an effort to arouse popular opposition to the talks, somebody, apparently a Brandt enemy high in the government, leaked excerpts from the Bahr-Gromyko paper to Hamburg's sex-and-scandal newspaper *Bild-Zeitung*.

Berlin Problems. When Walter Scheel reached Moscow three weeks ago, he insisted that the agreement make clear that Bonn was not renouncing Germany's right to reunification. From almost the beginning, the clowning and informal Scheel seems to have hit it off with the austere Gromyko. In the formal talks at the Spiridonoff Palace, Scheel stressed that Soviet concessions on Berlin were essential to any agreement. Specifically, he demanded signs of progress in the stalled four-power talks about Berlin. At one point, Gromyko snapped at Scheel: "Berlin is not your concern"—meaning that the divided city remains a four-power responsibility. The Soviets refused to give

The first letter, from Bonn to Moscow, will state that German aspirations toward eventual peaceful reunification are not contradictory to the spirit or intent of the new treaty. The second, from Bonn to the Allies, which the Soviets will formally acknowledge, will declare that the Bonn-Moscow agreement does not prejudice Allied rights in Germany, including Berlin, nor does it preclude an eventual peace treaty that could allow a reunification of East and West Germany. On both points, the Soviets acceded to Germany's demands.

Security Conference. In many ways, the key ingredient of the Treaty of Moscow is what it may do for Europe tomorrow. Writes *TIME* Correspondent Benjamin Cate: "The Bonn-Moscow accord certainly will lead to similar treaties with Poland and Czechoslovakia, and to a third German summit with Walter Ulbricht's East German regime. Western Europe, which has leaned so heavily in America's direction for 25 years, will begin to right itself and grad-

ually pull away from America's orbit. Because of the expected expansion of the Common Market, the dream that Charles de Gaulle so cherished of a Europe standing apart from the two superpowers may become a reality. It will not be a Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals, but it might be a Europe from the Atlantic to the Elbe."

In the meantime, the Bonn-Moscow accord in all likelihood will lead to a European security conference, which the Soviets wish to convene—possibly in Helsinki—as a means of gaining full international endorsement of the status quo in Europe. In such a conference, which would be attended by the U.S. and Canada as well as all European countries, the participants would pledge to respect each other's boundaries; they would also discuss a mutual reduction of forces between NATO and the Warsaw Pact nations. The security conference would be, in fact, an updated version of the 19th century Congress of Vienna, in which the nations of Europe and North America would seek to work out new security arrangements, even as the diplomats of Metternich's day sought to put together a new European order following the dislocations of the Napoleonic era.

ITALY

No. 33

Since the end of the Fascist era 27 years ago, the Italians have had a new government on the average of every 9.8 months. But now the pace is quickening. Government No. 32, which was headed by Christian Democrat Mariano Rumor, lasted a mere 100 days. Last week former Treasury Minister Emilio Colombo, another Christian Democrat, had barely formed Government No. 33 before many Italian politicians were predicting that it would fall almost as fast.

The current cause of Italy's political crisis is a bitter dispute between the moderate Social Democrats and the left-leaning Socialists. They are both members of the four-party Center-Left coalition that has ruled Italy fitfully for most of the last seven years. The dispute is over the fact that the Socialists, while supposedly committed to the coalition's doctrine of noncooperation with Italy's large Communist Party, often go right ahead and make cozy political deals with the Communists on the local level.

Tired of the quarreling, Rumor resigned in early July. After nearly a month of futile negotiations to form a new government, President Giuseppe Saragat turned to Colombo, who is a highly regarded economist but nobody's idea of a forceful politician. To everyone's surprise, the scholarly bachelor formed a government that was virtually the same as the one at which Rumor had thrown up his hands. But by week's end Socialist leaders were hinting that Colombo might not last more than three or four months.

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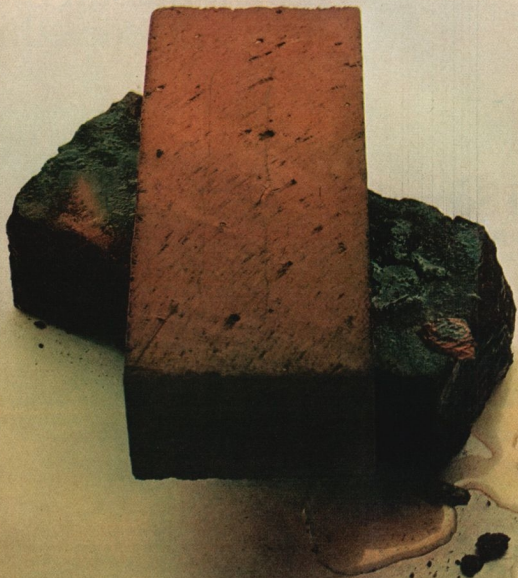
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GREECE

The Story of Z

Throughout the West, millions of people have formed their opinion of the military regime in Greece by viewing the French-Algerian film *Z*, the title of which is the Greek symbol for "he still lives." A powerfully contrived and brilliantly acted thriller (TIME, Dec. 5), *Z* purports to give a picture of contemporary Greece by focusing on a right-wing conspiracy to kill a leftist politician. At the bottom of this plot are revealed all the elements that are bound to rouse the liberal Western conscience: self-righteous military men, violence-loving fascists and broad hints of American complicity.

To what extent is *Z* an accurate portrayal of affairs in Greece? According to its director, Greek Exile Constantin Costa-Gavras, it is based throughout on "real facts." Up to a point, he is right. The movie faithfully re-creates an incident in 1963 when a leading left-wing deputy, Grigorios Lambrakis, was struck and killed by a pickup truck after addressing a rally in Salonica. As in the film, the death was first labeled an accident, but a tenacious prosecutor gathered enough evidence to show two right-wing thugs had been hired by police to commit the deed. At the subsequent trial, the murderers received light jail sentences. The six indicted police were acquitted though they were dismissed from the force.

Compressed History. Where *Z* departs from the facts is in its implication that the present junta led by Colonel George Papadopoulos was involved in the right-wing plot. By a convenient compression of history, *Z* strongly suggests that the junta engineered the assassination, then used the ensuing disorders as a pretext to seize power. The assassination actually occurred four years before the colonels came to power, and there is no known evidence linking them with it. The episode, in fact, had quite different results. It helped topple the conservative regime of Constantine Karamanlis, which was then replaced by the left-centrist regime of George Papandreu, who was an enemy of the hard-line Greek military. As the reviewer for *Manhattan's Village Voice* put it, *Z*'s plot is "much as if an American film maker had attempted to establish a direct link between the assassination of Bobby Kennedy and the accession of Spiro Agnew."

Director Costa-Gavras, moreover, takes sides unashamedly. The film fails completely to make the valid historical point that the Greek left should bear a share of the guilt for the public violence and the breakdown of democratic politics in Greece.

The Greek conservatives are portrayed as unredeemable goons with a tendency toward sadism and homosexuality. "What is false is the lack of differentiation," complains Helen Vlachos, a former Athens publisher who was placed under house arrest by the junta and



ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT IN "Z"

All the elements to rouse the Western conscience.

later fled the country. "They are all ridiculous in the same way, all brutal in the same way."

In *Z*, the rightists kill off all the witnesses to the murder. In reality, none was killed (though one was badly beaten), and all showed up at the trial. By assorted hints, the leftists indicate that the U.S. is backing the military in order to protect its bases in Greece. As one anti-American remarks: "Always blame the U.S. Even when you're wrong, you're right."

But if *Z* distorts some of the facts of contemporary Greece to suit its own purposes, it succeeds in conveying much of the stifling atmosphere of that country today. The insular patriotism, simple-mindedness and dictatorial methods of the colonels are devastatingly captured, if in caricature. Their bumptious puritanism is neatly depicted in the film's opening sequence in which the military brass are assembled for indoctrination. A rightist general compares the disease afflicting the grapes of Greece with the sickness assaulting the body politic: party factionalism, over-free speech, alien ideas. The military, he announces, must serve as the antibodies to repel this dread invasion. What's good for plants, in other words, is good for people.

Bitter Postscript. Though the colonels were not participants in the murder, as *Z* suggests, they have nonetheless provided some intriguing postscripts to the trial that would be worthy of inclusion in the film. They reinstated and promoted the six police officers who had been sacked for their part in the murder and then retired them on pension.

The brave young prosecutor, whose real-life name is Christos Sartzetakis, had been elevated to a judgeship because of his work in the case. In 1968, the colonels dismissed him from the bench, along with 29 other judges, for "political bias and failure to uphold the prestige of the judiciary." When Lambrakis was killed in Salonica, another deputy, George Tsarouhas, was

brutally beaten. In 1968, Tsarouhas was arrested by the junta for subversive activities. On the way to police headquarters in Salonica, he died. According to the official police report, he had suffered a "heart attack."

EUROPE

Women's Lib, Continental Style

"From the way he treats us, it is easy to see that God is a man." So said Madame de Tencin, Montesquieu's mistress. Historically hampered by archaic laws and antique moral codes, European women have accepted their lot much more readily than their American counterparts. Recently, however, growing numbers, taking a cue from their more combative sisters across the Atlantic, have launched their attack on male chauvinism.

So far, the most spectacular high jinks of Women's Lib have taken place in The Netherlands. The Dutch fighters, many of them chic and in their 20s, call themselves *Dolle Minas*, or Mad Minas. The name comes from the appellation that was usually applied to Wilhemina ("Mina") Drucker, a Dutch 19th century suffragette. The *Dolle Minas* have mirth as well as method in their madness. To attract attention, they burned a corset in front of Mina's statue in Amsterdam. Then they marched through the city and defiantly pinned bright pink ribbons across the portals of men's public toilets as a protest against the lack of similar facilities for women.

The *Dolle Minas* have also embarked on what amounts to mass sensitivity training for Amsterdam males. In broad daylight, they wolf-whistle at men, visually undress them with dare-me eyes, and call out suggestive remarks. Some have even pinched the guys in a sort of *derriere-guard* action.

If other European Women's Lib movements do not equal the *elan* of

the Dutch, they all agree on a list of basic goals. To a woman, they demand liberalization of divorce and abortion laws, more widespread dissemination of information on birth control, more effective enforcement of equal-pay-for-equal-work laws (throughout Europe, men often earn 20% to 30% more than women). But each country has individual problems:

SWEDEN. The country is a model for feminist groups around the world. In order to prod husbands into encouraging wives to take a job, the tax laws have been rewritten so that next year married men will be taxed at the same rate as bachelors—a financial jolt to men with non-working wives. Stay-at-home wives are frowned on as “luxury housewives” by the ruling Social Democrats. Sweden’s education system recently has been deliberately changed to eliminate the differences in the assumed “sex roles.” Schoolboys do needlework and study

At last month’s Women’s Lib conference at Oxford, the girls strung up banners that ranged from PHALLUSES ARE FASCIST to END PENAL SERVITUDE. Then the 500 women who had gathered got down to the serious business of discussing unequal pay, problems of unmarried mothers and the dangers of false emancipation, in which a woman works both outside the home and inside as well. Even the Queen has encouraged the movement by declaring this spring that “it is becoming more generally recognized that the home is not the only place for women.”

FRANCE. Although things have been getting progressively better for French women—they received the right to vote in 1946, to have bank accounts of their own in 1965, and can now legally receive mail without husbandly interference—they are still hampered by many thoughtless inequities. Day-care centers are scarce, businessmen are reluctant



SCANDINAVIAN WOMEN ON THE MARCH

the small, left-center Republican Party organized a series of eight weekly seminars on the liberation of women. Groups are now operating in Turin, Milan, Genoa and Bologna. In November, the first of a series of public rallies will be held in Rome to discuss the problems, particularly the adoption of birth control and abortion bills. There are indications of popular support for some of the feminist goals. More Italian men than women seem to favor the divorce bill, and males often join Women’s Lib types in carrying signs proclaiming DIVORCE PREVENTS CRIME AND DIVORCE NOW.

WEST GERMANY. A recent television program explained ways in which German women are discriminated against in factory jobs. It showed a woman and man spraying autos in a factory. The man re-

EQUAL PAY DEMONSTRATION IN BRITAIN



MAD MINAS IN AMSTERDAM

homemaking, while the girls take courses in auto repair and manual training. “Nobody should be forced into predetermined roles on account of sex,” says Swedish Prime Minister Olof Palme, whose own wife works as a child psychologist.

Even Swedish women want more. Angry women Socialists have organized Group 8, which demands equal working conditions, more child-care centers to free mothers for work, and painless child deliveries.

BRITAIN. A British father has the sole authority to decide on the children’s religious upbringing and education, which the wife can challenge only in the courts. In case of a divorce, British women often have no right to property acquired during marriage. This spring, Lib ladies picketed the Miss World Contest with signs reading MIS-USED, MIS-CONCEPTION and MIS-GUIDED. Later they plastered lingerie ads with stickers saying “You earn more as a real whore.”

to hire women on a part-time basis. The French feminist movement is small but growing. One of the foremost groups is *Le Mouvement Démocratique Féminine*. Their aim: to politicize women so that they will demand their rights from the government. The French fashion magazine *Elle* is sponsoring Women’s Lib discussion groups around the country; this November, *Elle* will play host to a three-day meeting at Versailles on the subject of women’s rights in France.

ITALY. Until last year, Italian women were subject to a year in prison for adultery, while a man risked no jail term at all for the same offense. In Italy, the male still has complete control over family matters, even after his death. There is no divorce (though the Chamber of Deputies may well approve a bill making it legal some time this fall), no legal abortion, and a wife with children must have her husband’s permission to get a passport. Last February in Rome,

ceived 20% more salary because he did "heavier" work. While the woman was spraying the doors, the man was spraying the chassis, supposedly a harder job. A few German women are beginning to challenge the country's traditional male autocracy. When Bundestag Vice President Richard Jaeger recently refused access to the rostrum to any female Deputy in slacks, Socialist Deputy Lenelotte von Bothmer arrived in a pants suit. Herr Doktor Jaeger diplomatically absented himself to avoid a confrontation.

But most German women prefer more traditional attitudes. In a recent poll of German women, 68% considered unmarried career girls to be not quite normal, while 82% regarded the care of husband and child as their primary goal in life. Though 40% of all married women in West Germany hold jobs outside the home, most of them would be appalled if their *Ehemann* did the dishes or dusted the shelves. Says one well-educated Hamburg housewife: "If I saw my husband running around the house with a dust cloth in his hand, I couldn't go to bed with him any more. He'd be more like a brother to me." Nonetheless, a group called Frankfurt Women's Action Group 1970 last month held its first teach-in in Frankfurt. The feminists marched outside the main railroad stations with signs proclaiming *OUR BELIES BELONG TO US*. Within two hours they had collected more than 1,000 signatures on a pro-abortion petition—including that of the mayor of Frankfurt. Tired of being used only as secretaries and bed bunnies, the female members of Germany's student S.D.S. staged a walkout—but not before hurling invective and rotten tomatoes at the organization's male chauvinists.

Anti-Liberation. So goes the catalogue of female complaints. With good reason. Professionally, European women firmly hold down the bottom rung of the ladder. Though every third woman works in Germany, only 3% of that nation's top jobs are held by women. In the exalted world of big business, the nearest thing to a tycoon is Beate Uhse and her sex shops. In England, for every 50 men earning £5,000, there is only one woman. Out of a total of 2,448 practicing barristers, there are only 133 women. In Sweden, 53 women legislators out of 384 is considered impressive. Meanwhile, women there constitute only 1% of the university teachers, 1.3% of the physicians and 6.1% of the lawyers.

But just as in the U.S., many European women simply do not want to be liberated. In Switzerland, some women are even prepared to fight against it. Next February Swiss men will vote on whether to give women the right to vote. Some Swiss women have banded together into an organization whose sole goal is to keep the ballot away from women. "We can't risk destroying the man's role in the world," says the president of the League of Swiss Women Against Suffrage. "We must give him a task to perform and allow him to be chivalrous."

JAPAN

Remembrances of Tojo

To Americans at war, Hideki Tojo epitomized all that was evil in Japan's ruling military clique. As the commander of the Imperial Army and Prime Minister (1941-43), he personally ordered the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor that provoked U.S. entry into World War II. This week, as Japan prepares to mark the 25th anniversary of its unconditional surrender in that war, the memory of Tojo has all but faded to most Americans and even to many Japanese.

In contrast to Hitler or Mussolini, Tojo's countrymen place no special blame on him for the start of Japan's most catastrophic military adventure. If an opinion poll were taken today in Japan, most people, if they remembered him at all, would probably regard him with either neutral or sympathetic feelings. As one recent Japanese textbook improbably insisted, Japan was left with no other choice except to go to war with the Allies, and Tojo was simply the man who pushed the button.

Blissful Obedience. The memory of Tojo is still keenly alive for his widow, who talked recently with TIME's S. Chang. "He is still watching over us," insisted Mrs. Tojo, who keeps his full-length portrait on the wall of the modest Tokyo home that they shared for many years. At 79, she is shrunken with age. Nonetheless, she readily recalls her life of blissful obedience to Tojo, whose keen mind and demanding ways won him the nickname "The Razor" from his subordinates.

During his years in power, Tojo never deigned to discuss affairs of state with his wife; she learned of the attack on Pearl Harbor on the radio. But on the day of Japan's surrender her husband was more communicative. By then, because of military setbacks, he had been dismissed as Premier, had lost his general's rank and had been ousted from other government posts. They listened together to the radio announcement by Emperor Hirohito. As she remembers, Tojo received the news calmly and took another cup of coffee and a cigarette, his only luxuries, to help him to formulate his thoughts.

Then he told her: "There has come for all of us to start reconstructing peace around the world." He added: "Remember, to live is sometimes even harder than to die." And what did she have to say to this lordly bit of Tojoism? "I responded as I had to all of his utterances ever since I became his wife at the age of 18. I bowed low to him and said *Hai* [yes]," she recalled with a captivating smile.

For the first month of the U.S. occupation, Tojo and his wife lived undisturbed in their Tokyo home. But one day in mid-September a group of foreign correspondents burst into his home unexpectedly. At the sight of the newsmen, who were dressed in Army

uniforms, Tojo immediately told his wife to flee out the back door. After exhaling another *Hai*, she did. Then Tojo, perhaps to save his honor, tried to commit suicide with a revolver but he only managed to wound himself. Mrs. Tojo, disobeying the command of her husband for the first time in her life, crept back to the house to watch as American MPs came to carry her bleeding husband away.

Faith in the Future. She saw Tojo for the last time in a Tokyo prison on Dec. 18, 1948, only four days before his execution for war crimes. As they spoke together, he dismissed the handcuffs on his wrists. "These things are of no importance because nothing can put a yoke on my mind, and my mind re-



TOJO'S WIDOW WITH PORTRAIT
The Razor still watches.

mains as free as ever," he told her. He kept repeating, she recalls, that Japan was a great nation and that everything would work all right for the country.

Tojo's own family are a case in point. His eldest surviving son, who is one of Japan's leading aeronautical engineers, drafted the twin-engine YS-11 transport, which has re-established Japan in the international aircraft business. The other surviving son is a Japanese air force colonel. Tojo's three daughters are all married and comfortable. His youngest daughter, Kimie, who studied international relations at the University of Michigan, is married to an American consulting engineer based in Tokyo.

INDOCHINA

Back to Guerrilla Warfare

When it is necessary, we must change in time outdated forms of warfare, taking new ones more appropriate.

—General Vo Nguyen Giap
December 1969

When North Viet Nam's chief strategist made that statement in a Hanoi speech, U.S. intelligence had a pretty good idea about what Giap had in mind. The 1968 Tet offensive exploded U.S. generals' assurances that the war was all but over and proved that the enemy could still hit anywhere seemingly at will. On the other hand, the Tet attackers were unable to hold any South Vietnamese cities—a failure that fairly stunned the planners in Hanoi. The logical move for Giap & Co. would be reversion to guerrilla and terror tactics. In recent weeks it has become increasingly clear that this is precisely the strategy they are following.

In some ways, the fighting in South Viet Nam has almost faded away. American casualty rates are at the lowest level in four years. A huge sweep by 6,500 U.S. and South Vietnamese troops in the Que Son Valley near Danang has turned up almost no enemy forces in an area that has long been a center of Communist activity. But in cities and hamlets throughout the country, a war of terror is rapidly heating up. The number of murders, kidnappings and other terrorist incidents has risen from 654 in January to 1,094 last month. The incidents last week ranged from the shooting of a 47-year-old woman in Saigon by two thugs on a motor bike to a rocket attack on a military prison in Hue that killed 14 soldiers and wounded another 63.

Three-Sided Strategy. A Communist document, captured several months ago but released only last week by the U.S. command in Saigon, indicates that the enemy plans to scale down its battlefield activities and place "particular importance" on low-budget guerrilla warfare. According to Mao's classic terms, the Vietnamese Communists are at least partially reverting from Stage 2 (main-force military combat) to Stage 1 (grass-roots organization). The 26-page document, known as COSVN (Central Office for South Viet Nam) Resolution 14, reflects Giap's thinking. Henceforth, says the resolution, Communist cadres are to organize and prepare for the time when U.S. forces leave and Communist troops can once again operate freely in South Viet Nam. Among other things, the order calls for a step-up in terror and sapper attacks; it also urges guerrillas to form secret three- to five-man cells that can operate "legally" in towns and hamlets. They will be poised to help Communist assault forces and thus correct the failures of the 1968 Tet campaign.

In recent weeks the Communists have had to make new adjustments to support even the guerrilla-style operations

in South Viet Nam. Largely because of the Cambodian incursions, which upset the supply routes through the sanctuaries, the guerrilla effort that the Communists had once planned now requires a complex, three-sided strategy encompassing most of Indochina.

BUILDING NEW SANCTUARIES. To replace their lost rest-and-resupply havens along the South Vietnamese border, the Communists have been carving a huge new sanctuary area out of the midsection of Indochina. They have taken control of Cambodia's four northeastern provinces and the Bolovens Plateau in the southern Laotian panhandle. In the process, the Communists have gained access to large supplies of rice, fish and cattle,



SMOKE FROM U.S. AIR STRIKE NEAR SKOUN
Lessons from Tet.

and last week's attacks on Kompong Thom and Skoun, two strategic cities north of Phnom-Penh, showed that they are intent on securing continued control of these new havens. They also now command a riverine supply route on the Mekong that stretches all the way through Laos and Cambodia to the South Vietnamese border.

SPREADING THE ALLIES THIN. The Communists have lately stepped up infiltration into I Corps, South Viet Nam's northernmost military region. Four divisions are in the area and three more remain poised just above the Demilitarized Zone. Their chief mission is to entice main-force U.S. and ARVN (Army of the Republic of Viet Nam) units into the north, which would allow Communist guerrillas more freedom to maneuver in the rest of the country.

UNDERMINING PACIFICATION. The Communists are especially anxious to collapse South Vietnam's local volunteer units, such as the Regional Forces, the Popular Forces and the People's Self-Defense Forces. They were organized after the 1968 Tet offensive to provide local security, which is essential to the pacification program. These irregulars have never been known to fight well when U.S. or ARVN regulars were not around to bolster their confidence, but lately they have been holding their own in the face of Communist attacks.

For the moment, U.S. commanders are most concerned about stopping Hanoi's efforts to restock its forces in Indochina. Supplies shipped south via the new infiltration routes in Laos and Northern Cambodia should start showing up in South Viet Nam in October, when the rainy season ends. The U.S. has already stepped up B-52 raids on the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos. Last week there were reports that a sizable force of ARVN troops and U.S. helicopters had been assembled near Kham Duc, a long-abandoned Special Forces camp near the Laotian border. But U.S. commanders insist that there are no plans for a Cambodia-style lunge into Laos. For one thing, negotiations are now under way between the Vientiane government and the Communist Pathet Lao, and a thrust into Laos could shatter whatever fragile chances exist for a truce ending the seesawing conflict in that country.

Semantic Exercise. In any case, the most serious threat is still in Cambodia. Partly because the Lon Nol government has not even attempted to establish a presence much beyond Phnom-Penh, Communist recruitment efforts in the countryside are thought to be going very well. Substantial aid from Thailand has yet to materialize, and Cambodian officials warn that their government could fall within six months without more U.S. support.

The Nixon Administration has pledged not to send U.S. ground troops into Cambodia again, and the Cooper-Church Amendment, which passed the Senate in June, would specifically prohibit direct U.S. air support to Cambodian troops. But near the embattled town of Skoun last week, an Associated Press reporter watched a Cambodian officer request—and get—an air strike by American F-100s, whose bombs landed a scant 300 yds. from the Cambodian positions. In Washington, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird parried the inevitable inquiries about the U.S. air support with an exercise in semantics. The U.S. pilots were not providing "air support" to the Cambodians, Laird said. They were only "interdicting" supplies headed for South Viet Nam. But in a private conversation, an Air Force officer was more direct. "Hell," he said, "if you see one V.C. carrying a bag of rice or some ammunition, that calls for interdiction no matter how close he is standing to Cambodian troops."

PEOPLE

Only eight weeks ago, **Harold Wilson** was riding high; he was leader of his country, had a house with a prestigious address and drew a salary of \$36,600 a year. Then, in one short election day, he lost his job, his house and much of his income. Now things are looking up again for the liberal statesman. For the inside story of his ruling years, Wilson will receive close to \$250,000—more than he made during his six years as England's Prime Minister.

Believe it or not, she is an experienced horsewoman. But while filming *Soldier Blue* in Mexico, her mount proved more than **Candice Bergen** had bargained for, and it tossed her end over end. Gately, the actress—who has

preach peace. The renegade reverend, who last April was supposed to start a 34-year sentence for destroying draft records, urged the churchgoers to "refuse to pay taxes, and to aid and abet and harbor people like myself so that a solid wall of conscience confronts the warmakers." Before federal agents got wind of his whereabouts, he got away.

The busy year started with queues still forming for *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*. Then came *M*A*S*H*, the most talked-about movie of 1970. *Getting Straight* and *Move* were disappointing, but that did not slow him down. *I Love My Wife* is already in the can, and three weeks ago he finished filming *Little Murders*. To cap it all, **Elliott**

gallant appraisal on a study of Anna's own books, *The English Governess at the Siamese Court* and *The Romance of the Harem*. They were, says Grimble, "pornographic," and "rubbish"—"the sort of books that Calvinists read beneath bedcovers."

Very much the disgruntled husband, French Film Producer-Director **Roger Vadim**, 42, frankly described his marriage to **Jane Fonda**, 32, as "not a very satisfactory arrangement." The one-time husband of Brigitte Bardot and father of Catherine Deneuve's son said he really "prefers the company of men. If I had to choose three persons with whom to make a round-the-world cruise, they would all be male if we spent at least one-half of the time in the harbor." Despite his disapproval of Jane's crusading for Indians and against the



CANDICE BERGEN UNHORSED DURING FILMING OF "SOLDIER BLUE"
More than she bargained for.

her own Arabian thoroughbred home in California—got right back on and finished filming.

A special fate must have been selected to supervise **Joe Louis'** bad luck. Endlessly broke, despite his world heavyweight boxing championship, he had to stand by helplessly and watch his ex-wives and the Internal Revenue Service compete for his paycheck. For the past three months Louis, 56, has been hospitalized in Denver with an emotional disorder. This week brought a glimmer of cheer at last. Louis' friends and admirers—among them: **Mahalia Jackson**, **Bill Cosby**, **B.B. King** and **Redd Foxx**—plan a benefit "Salute to the Champ."

They seek him here, they seek him there, but Jesuit Priest **Daniel J. Berigan**, 49, has become a sort of Scarlet Pimpernel of the antiwar underground. Last week he popped up—uninvited but welcomed—at the First United Methodist Church of Germantown, Pa., to

Gould, 31, will star in the first English-speaking film (*The Touch*) by the great Swedish director **Ingmar Bergman**. It took only one film—*Getting Straight*—for Bergman to decide on the American actor. "I fell for him immediately. He's fantastic." Gould has yet to meet his new director, but a phone conversation with the maestro was enough to overwhelm the easygoing actor: "I felt like I was talking to Abraham Lincoln."

A patient angel who tamed an irascible king while teaching many of his 82 children? **Anna Leonowens**, the fabled Welsh widow whose problems with Siam's King Mongkut in the 1860s were written into a bestseller of the 1940s, *Anna and the King of Siam*, was no such heroine. Never mind the book or the stage and screen versions, says Ian Grimble, a Scottish historian. He startled BBC listeners by describing Anna as a bigot, "one of those awful little English governesses, a sex-starved widow." Grimble says he bases his un-

Viet Nam War, Vadim said they had "not yet discussed divorce." However, he added, "If you feel politics is the most important thing in the world to you, then you must make that choice."

Awash with self-sacrifice and contempt, the New York Jets' defensive captain, **Al Atkinson**, 27, last week ended his five-year professional football career. But not exactly because the hefty linebacker wanted to chuck football. "What really disgusts me is this quarterback, not thinking for a minute about the average little guys who have families. Right now they're wondering where their leader is." It seems that "this quarterback" (and actor), **Joe Namath**, 27, had infuriated his teammate by failing to show up for opening practice sessions, a pattern the peripatetic star has followed for three years. Namath, who is also considering retirement, went through the motions of being contrite: "I don't try to hurt anybody in any way. If I have I'm sorry."

MUSIC

Keeping Score

According to the tenth annual report released by Broadcast Music Inc., 582 U.S. orchestras played a total of 5,877 concerts during the 1968-69 season.

What did they play? Mostly what they always have. The overture to Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* was done 127 times, making it the most played single item—possibly because it is in C major, the easiest key to play in. Brahms' *First Symphony* ranks second (114 performances). Beethoven's *Fifth*, whose dit-dit-dit-dah victory opening can be whistled by more nonmusical people than any other classical theme, is way down to 39th place on the list, as against tenth last year. Mozart is the most popular composer (1,627 performances overall), with Beethoven and Brahms tagging respectfully just behind.

The most played "moderns" are neither very modern nor very often played, though Charles Ives, the most prickly sounding of the 20th century composers to achieve real popularity, shows an astonishing total of 150 performances. He is now 13th on the list—just two places ahead of George Gershwin. Five years ago, Ives barely made it at all. The list of "since 1940" music is mainly notable for its featherweight: Richard Rodgers easily outpoints Francis Poulenc, and thanks to *Candide* and *West Side Story*, Leonard Bernstein takes precedence over Igor Stravinsky.

Women's Lib Carmen

One measure of a masterpiece is the amount of abuse it can take. The hit tunes from dozens of operas have been ragged, jived, jazzed, boogied, swung and popped—and most of them have emerged little the worse. *Carmen*, especially, has survived countless transmutations. Geraldine Farrar, Theda Bara and Rita Hayworth all vamped their way through screen versions; Bea Lillie mauled it at the Met. Maya Plisetskaya danced it to an orchestration including 47 percussion instruments. Oscar Hammerstein's *Carmen Jones* gave Bizet's gypsy girl a surname and set her to work packing parachutes in the Deep South.

A rock version was inevitable. *The Naked Carmen* is a rock extravaganza in which Bizet's score is emotionally stripped, musically raped and symbolically incinerated in a simulated atomic blast of electronic caterwauling. Written, arranged and produced for Mercury Records by Composer John Corigliano and Record Producer David Hess, *The Naked Carmen* regards Carmen as a Women's Lib heroine. "Free, honest, a hippie traveling around like the gypsies in Spain," Hess explains. "But Micaela is a bitch, a real castrating female. In the opera she minces up and whines, 'Here's a kiss from your mother.' Now what kind of crummy blackmail is that, anyway? Don José is like nothing—we



CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF WAGNER (1869)
Easiest key to continuing popularity.

give him his *Flowrie Song* (sic), and he sings it on an old busted acoustic record. That's all he deserves." Other innovations: a kazoo obbligato in the *Children's Chorus*; a *Habañera* that begins with the Bach *Chaconne* and turns into a mélange of rock and Dixieland.

Halfway through, *The Naked Carmen* strips off its campy veneer and goes for the jugular. The *March of the Toreadors* suddenly becomes *Deutschland über Alles* as crowds roar "Sieg Heil!" Then Spiro Agnew denounces effete snobs—and the band plays *Stars and*



CORIGLIANO & HESS
Electronic caterwauling with lustre.

Stripes Forever. It is as devastating as a knee in the groin. Children shrill the *Gypsy Song*, break into a tapdance and a pianist plays an ornate set of embellishments on the first phrase of the *Habañera*; he knows all the tricks but cannot remember the melody. The *Card Song* is swallowed by a monstrous *Dies Irae*, and everything ignites into a Moog-synthesized musical holocaust. The montage of electronic sound forms a requiem on the word "love," with tunes and characters zooming by like meteoric memories. After a final shriek, only Hess's voice remains, sadly singing: "That's how it is, that's how it will be—and how it must have been."

Says Corigliano: "*The Naked Carmen* started because Mercury wanted something that would sell a million copies. They never got over their *1812 Overture*—the one with all the cannons—and they asked me to do a reorchestration of *Carmen*. I happen to think Bizet did it pretty well himself, so I said no. Then I met David. We got to talking about Prosper Mérimée's original *Carmen* story, which is tough as a documentary film. We decided to go about ten times as far as Rodion Shchedrin did in *The Carmen Ballet* that's being played to death nowadays. We wanted to really shock and mortify the opera crowd."

Expensively Dressed. The Moog synthesizer was a must. Mercury corralled Rock Singer Melba Moore, Soprano Anita Darian, the Detroit Symphony under Paul Paray, William Walker from the Metropolitan Opera, Harlem's Mary Bruce and Her Starbuds ("The name at the very least deserves to be seen in print," declared Corigliano), Actor-Singer George Turner, Pianist John Atkins and Tenor Robert White. One year and \$50,000 later, *The Naked Carmen* emerged as one of the year's most expensively dressed nonclassical albums.

It sold about 25,000 copies in its first six weeks, and several producers are trying to figure out how to get it onstage without tarnishing its weirdo lustre. Like *Tommy*, the recent attempt by The Who (TIME, June 22), it is a try at a rock opera for the phonograph. Thanks to the range of skills represented by Hess and Corigliano, *The Naked Carmen* comes impressively close to success.

Corigliano is classically trained, the 32-year-old son of John Corigliano Sr., who for 22 years was concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic. Until recently, his music has been aimed at the concert stage. Hess, too, was originally trained in classical music, though he switched to writing songs like Pat Boone's *Speedy Gonzales* and Elvis Presley's *I Got Stung*. Now 33, burly and bushy-haired, he is an eccentric complement to the well-mannered, boyish Corigliano. When the latter begins to sound overserious, Hess smiles warmly, utters an extravagantly pornographic non sequitur, or simply stands on his head. Outside the studio, they move in different worlds. "But," says Hess, "we are a very successful dis collaboration."



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SHOW BUSINESS

Baby, Baby, Where Did Diana Go?

THE face is familiar, but the melody—well, it just isn't right. Up on the stage of Los Angeles' the Now (formerly Coconut Grove), a nightclub thick with the ghosts of potted palms and a thousand big-name bands, Diana Ross makes her electric entrance, shimmering like a Broadway sign. She sports a frizzy Afro wig about the size of a boxwood hedge and a sequined sarong that looks as if it were cut from the Orion constellation. That's not the only star trip this lady is on. She seizes the microphone and leans into a song: *Don't Rain on My Parade*. What is this? Diana Ross, ex-Supreme, making like Barbra Streisand?

The Supremes were one of the biggest—and for a time, one of the best—rock groups of the last decade. They pushed the smooth syncopation of Detroit's Motown sound onto the top of the charts with twelve No. 1 records. But then came the new rocks—and the Supremes suddenly sounded a little kinky dink. Kind of nice, maybe, but definitely old-fashioned. So Diana decided to go another route. A song that she sings in her new nightclub act points the direction:

*A leading lady, leading lady,
I've always wanted to be a Broadway
leading lady:*

*The rootin' tootin' est Annie or a
madcap Mame or Dolly,
That sad and funny girl Fanny,
Nelly Forbush or unsinkable
Molly...*

A few weeks back, Diana, in company with her longtime friend, Motown Mogul Berry Gordy Jr., returned to her old neighborhood in Detroit to see "where I came from and to get an idea

of what made me the kind of person I am." From that perspective, there is no doubt that Diana Ross has been energetically traveling the road to superstardom most of her life.

Etiquette. Her family's third-floor walk-up, located in a "very, very poor" area, looks shabbier to her now. "I remember when I was growing up that it was decorated nicely," she told *TIME* Correspondent Sandy Burton. "We had a red velvet couch that I thought was beautiful." Diana's youthful memories are free of the usual ghetto scrounging and deprivation. Her whole family (three brothers, two sisters) sang in the choir of a Baptist church, and Diana learned secular music from a cousin who was known as "the girl with the golden voice." Diana took high school courses in sewing and fashion design, and the money she saved by running up her own pleated skirts she spent on bobby socks and sweaters. She was proud to be voted her class's "best-dressed girl," and prouder still when she began to sing semiprofessionally and all the kids at school suddenly knew her name.

Half a semester before graduation, Diana and her friends Florence Ballard and Mary Wilson auditioned for Gordy. His advice was quick and certain: Finish school and come back when you graduate. The trio showed up again in July, and Gordy enrolled them in his special course of daily "artist's development" etiquette lessons. Under Gordy's tutelage, the Supremes, as they called themselves, turned into the most immaculately coiffured, intricately turned-out trio since the McGuire Sisters. And they were ever so poised. The girls were taught how to sit properly, how to shake hands ("The firmness of the

grip," says Diana, "is very important"), and how to climb up on a piano. When they started going out on concert tours, they went with a chaperone. "There has never been an ounce of scandal connected with the Supremes," boasts a Motown executive. "No talk about drugs or anything."

Nicotine. There was, however, considerable talk of their music. After a few forgettable singles, the Supremes hit it big with a tune called *Where Did Our Love Go*. Florence and Mary sang the background, while Diana led the lead in a voice that was equal parts coyness, sexiness, nicotine and velvet. "Baby, baby, where did our love go?" they purred together, and that little question sent them right to the top.

Inevitably, little frustrations set in. "We were working so constantly we didn't have a chance to spend any money," Diana says. In 1967, Florence split and was replaced by a look-alike named Cindy Birdsong. Perhaps not coincidentally, it was also around this time that the group's billing was changed to "Diana Ross and the Supremes." But the sound stayed the same—in fact, it was beginning to set like concrete.

The tumultuous rock coming from San Francisco and from across the Atlantic began to make the girls sound too smooth. They branched out, adding some show tunes to their repertory. They even tried playing three nuns on the *Tarzan* TV series. But things weren't the same. Diana felt that "the spirit was gone" from the group and started to make plans for a solo act. Says one Motown executive: "It occurred to us we might have a 2-for-1 stock split."

Static Electricity. The firm found a replacement for Diana ("someone who could live in the clean and wholesome way these girls have lived") in Jean Terrell, a soulful but unknown lead vocalist. Then it invested \$100,000 in Diana's solo act, \$60,000 of which went for elaborate clothes and new arrange-

DIANA ROSS RUNS THROUGH HER NEW NIGHTCLUB ACT OF SONGS & CLOTHES

CURT GUNTHER/GETTY IMAGES





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ments. Without Diana, though, the Supremes sound more homogenized than ever, and audiences have to memorize their wigs to remember which is which.

Diana, meanwhile, is still all static electricity. She leaps in and out of an assortment of costumes, dances from time to time with two smiling male partners, and makes her way through a repertoire of tunes borrowed from the likes of the Beatles, Tony Bennett, Peggy Lee. She even sings a medley of old Supremes hits, but she seems to get through them very quickly.

Diana's solo act does, at last, allow her the leisure to enjoy things material. She owns a Rolls-Royce (a gift from the thrice-wed Gordy) and a new home in Beverly Hills. "I have clothes for every mood," she boasts. Her collection ranges from dungarees and bathing suits to "very classy suits for traveling or teas." Her aim, naturally, is to be an actress. Doris Day advised her that it was not necessary to study acting, and Diana says, "If Jim Brown can do it, I can do it—whatever he's doing." She is especially eager to play the lead in a film biography of the late Billie Holiday, "to sing about blues and sadness." Accordingly, she has set herself to storing up bitter experiences that will help her in the role. Her biggest trauma so far came last year in New Jersey, when someone poisoned her pet dogs.

Summer Diversions

Summertime is down time, especially in show business and most particularly in the record industry. It sometimes seems it is a time of year when novelty items catch on, with titles that go on almost as long as the hours of daylight. Remember Lonnie Donegan and *Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor on the Bedpost Overnight?* Or how about *Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polkadot Bikini*? Well, now there are two more examples of the same kind of lunacy.

Van Lingle Mungo is the tongue-twisting title of a litany of 38 baseball players whose names, recited in unison to a slightly Latin beat, are alleged to evoke peals of camp hilarity. Everyone from Virgil Trucks to Johnny Kucks is lauded by Singer Dave Frishberg. Mungo, the titular hero of the piece, was a 1930s Brooklyn Dodgers pitcher who now spends most of his time fishing and golfing in Pageland, S.C. "I think it's great," he says. "It's the first publicity I've had since I retired."

The other record is an album with a hefty price tag (\$4.98). *The Best of Marcel Marceau*—teasingly close to the spelling of the name of the famed French pantomimist. A typical excerpt goes something like this:

(Applause)

Before the clapping, the listener gets 20 minutes of silence. Come to think of it, maybe \$4.98 is a low price to pay these days for a little peace and quiet.



MELLINGER & MODEL



SEE-THROUGH NIGHTIE

BRA & PANTIES



CALF FALSIES

MODERN LIVING

Passion Fashion

Lips pout, eyes smolder, bosoms and hips swell like baked goods with too much yeast. Clothes cannot contain these creatures—nor are they meant to. Bras and girdles, filmy negligees and deep-plunging necklines only point up the obvious, or pad out the underdeveloped until, literally, their cups runneth over. They are the antithesis of *haute couture's* slender subtleties, these fantasy models in the catalogues put out by Frederick's of Hollywood. They promise, in striking graphics, what any woman might achieve in styles by Frederick's.

Frederick is Frederick Mellinger, 55, the biggest and most durable designer and retailer of passion fashions in the U.S. Others in the mail-order or over-the-counter trade handle a few lines of aphrodisiac undies and false fronts, calves and bottoms. Mellinger conceives, promotes and sells an entire wardrobe for women who fancy the look of Sadie Thompson.

Giving Action. Mellinger was working for a New York lingerie mail-order house in the late '30s when the notion first struck him that "there simply was not enough romance in the way of clothes. I was always making notes saying more bust here, more fanny there, less waist here." After the war, he picked Hollywood for home base and in 1947 turned out his first designs, using leering catalogue copy for emphasis.

Frederick's was the first in the country to conceive crotchless panties ("an exotic addition to your wardrobe"), the inflatable bra ("blow yourself up to your favorite size"), girdles with padded bottoms ("for unrivaled curves"), founda-

tions without any bottoms ("the living end"), bras with holes in the middle ("a Hollywood favorite").

When not pioneering new items, Frederick's offers old ones with frills, such as panties with embroidered messages ("eeny, meeny, miny, moe, this is as far as you can go") and see-through wisps of nightgowns, designed to be torn off ("elastic straps and neckline are made to G-I-V-E with the action").

Live Marriages. The pitch has worn well. By 1965, Mellinger owned 22 retail stores around the country and had gross sales of more than \$5,000,000. This year, with volume already past \$9,000,000, there are 38 Frederick's of Hollywood outlets, all but three of them owned by Mellinger. The others are franchised. They are not in Newport or Palm Beach or on Fifth Avenue. Instead, the market is in places like Dayton, Omaha, Oklahoma City and Youngstown. The ultimate target, of course, is the TV-numbered husband or the uncertain swain who needs some visual encouragement to remember the woman in his life.

Though Mellinger boasts that he is "interested in women dressing to please men," he also admits that he is "in the business of deceiving men like crazy." Many men prefer it that way. Mellinger claims that he receives dozens of letters a week testifying to "a wonderful evening I'll never forget," products that "have kept our marriage young and alive."

Aside from the vulgarity, the Frederick's phenomenon is an almost perfect target for the Women's Liberation Movement. Passion fashions are clearly male-chauvinist and designed to turn

females into mere sex objects. That is part of their nostalgic appeal. In the world of Frederick's, the bra not only endures, it prevails. The allure of Rita Hayworth, circa 1945, lives on.

"Right On" Is Off And Other Hipling News

Even in this age of instant obsolescence, fashionable slang wears out faster than most commodities. What is very lively in Kansas City today may brand a user as quaint in Manhattan or the Bay Area. It thus becomes periodically necessary, as French Poet Stéphane Mallarmé once suggested, *donner un sens plus pur aux mots de la tribu*—to purify the dialect of the tribe.

Consider, for example, the phrases "doing your thing," "telling it like it is," or even "where it's at." Fresh not long ago, they are now unspeakable for those who would sound current. Things aren't "groovy" or "cool" any more—these two resurrected favorites of the '40s are dead again. The Women's Liberation Movement has consigned "chick" to outer darkness; say "sister" or holler uncle. Even "like"—as in "like you know how it is, man"—is on the blacklist. So is "man," for that matter. And the angry protester who still cries "Right on" risks being right off; the old Black Panther slogan has been co-opted by the straight Establishment. In May, New York's flossy Bergdorf Goodman used it in advertising copy. Some current hipling favorites:

Bummer: a bad drug reaction. Broadly, a negative experience, such as "Cambodia was really a bummer."

Dude: a male, almost always com-

plimentary (replaces "cat" and "stud").

Flash: comprehending something suddenly ("I really flashed on that song").

Freak: a good person, the antithesis of square ("Those Berkeley freaks are outasite").

Funky: solid, warm ("That's a pretty funky jacket, Kit Carson").

Get it on: to pull yourself together ("Get it on, Max; the fuzz is outside").

Heavy: deep and serious ("Marcuse is heavy stuff").

Hype: to con ("Don't hype me, pig").

Into: to be deeply involved ("He's really into acid").

Off: to eliminate; sometimes, to kill ("Off the pigs, Sebastian").

Outasite: terrific. (In Paris, the phrase is *loin de la vue*.)

Righteous: genuine and right ("That's a righteous man, that Bill Kunstler").

Ripoff: exploitation ("That rock festival film is a real ripoff").

Spaced Out: usually meaning high on pot, LSD or catnip.

Spirit: full of life (replaces "soul").

Trash: to destroy, often in the name of revolution ("The kids really trashed those stores last night").

In London and on the Continent, the linguistic lag is sorely evident: phrases already discarded Stateside are just coming into common usage across the pond. Some Londoners estimate that it takes two years for a lively American coinage to make it as far as Chelsea. Esperantists, however, are making a valiant effort to cope more quickly. At their world convention in Vienna last week, some of the younger hotheads were talking about *gruva* young ladies with whom they hoped to *scenumi* (make the scene) in the evening.

A New Approach to Picnicking

FOR Washingtonians intent on a sunny weekend at Chesapeake Bay or the ocean beyond, the clogged approaches to Maryland's Chesapeake Bay Bridge regularly add two or three hours to the Saturday morning journey. When traf-

fic halts, motorists unlimber lunch baskets, folding chairs and martini shakers, and the picnic begins. Kids flip Frisbees while their elders chat. Those dreaded approaches may be the world's longest, narrowest picnic grounds.

SON CARL STEFFEN



Wicked Original

Farce is tragedy out for a good time. Its characters miss disaster by a pulse-beat (What if the husband had peeked behind the door? What if the policeman had knocked a minute earlier?). Its situations are improbabilities made tantalizingly possible.

Like many ancient crafts, pure farce disappeared long ago; it was replaced by the machine-tooled "sitcom" or by crude, graffiti-black comedy. But British Playwright Joe Orton was not a man to ride a trend. In the '60s he wrote a cycle of extravagant farces, most of them failures on and off Broadway. Orton would not bow to the times, but circumstances eventually bent to him. His last play, *What the Butler Saw*, is now an off-Broadway smash. The American stage production of *Entertaining Mr. Sloane* lasted only 13 performances; the film version is a savagely witty success. True, the play's surroundings have been cinematically expanded, and a better cast lends the characters fresh distinction and intensity. Yet for the most part it is not the work that has altered but the audience, which has seen too many real excesses to be shocked by audacious fictions.

Mr. Sloane (Peter McEnery) is a blond thug cursed with bisexual charm. In the *Satyricon*, he would have been one of the boys in Fellini's band. Still, if one cannot have pre-Christian Rome, contemporary London will do. Sunning himself in a graveyard one afternoon, Sloane is taken in—in every sense—by Kath (Beryl Reid). She is a bloated harpy who will never need silicone or estrogen. Enter two gentlemen who provide complications and multiply laughter. Kath's father Dadda (Alan Webb) is a senescent buzzard; her brother Ed (Harry Andrews) is a lantern-jawed caricature of muscle-bound Christianity.

Both men take a quick interest in Sloane. Dadda because he recognizes the youth as a wanted murderer, Ed because he likes manly young fellows—preferably draped in leather goods. Kath and Ed engage in a game of sexual cricket, with Sloane as the wicket. As is always the case with such games, it is the bystander who suffers. Dadda ends as a mummy, done in during a Sloane tantrum. The outcome is bigamy, accompanied by rituals that ridicule marriage, family, religion, sex and death.

Murderously Funny. Orton aimed to outrage, but he also calculated to delight. His dialogue is wickedly original and his vision manages to combine the commonplace and the diabolic. It is as if by loosening a floorboard one could look down at flames. No author could demand a more empathetic director than Douglas Hickox, who understands the

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REID & McENERY IN "MR. SLOANE"
Aiming to outrage and delight.

Ortonic core: the road to hell is paved with good inventions. The whole cast performs with ease; the kinkier the farce, the straighter their faces. Their achievement is that most difficult feat: a funny murder made murderously funny.

Three years ago an eerie footnote was added to *Entertaining Mr. Sloane*. A young writer who delighted in mocking violence was found in his London flat beaten to death by his roommate—who later committed suicide. Joe Orton, who was 34 at his death, could have written the scene. Instead, he experienced it.

■ Stefan Kanfer

Edelvice

In the olden days, after the end of World War II, there dwelt in the Bavarian Alps a countess of extreme pique and doleful countenance (Angela Lansbury). Or so the celluloid scribes of *Something for Everyone* inform us. Looming up in the mists was her former abode, a massive castle that would have excited the imagination of a Winston cigarette ad campaigner. The countess's present quarters were on the castle grounds in a palatial lean-to that the countess shared with her gay son and a daughter who had once been voted the Ugliest Duckling beyond the Valley of the Rhine.

As the countess jaunted about in her sole remaining Horch-Pullman, her feudal subjects tried to gladden her heart by tugging their forelocks and putting on displays of their simple country pastimes, such as munching sausages, guzzling beer and blowing flugelhorns. To no avail. The countess subliminally yearned for some wonder-myth of a man who would kiss the castle back to life—with money—so that she could re-enter it in grand style and give way to those mad, scandalous fantasies

that constantly invaded her mind, such as gorging on imported strawberries.

In fables of this kind, such a chap invariably does show up. He is the evil witch, but a little makeup and a few courses at the 2-by-4 Acting Academy have converted him into an acceptably wooden snot of a boy (Michael York). He announces that he is a murderer and a pervert, thus letting the other characters know that they are under almost as deep a curse as the audience. He casts some pretty savage spells. Rubbing out two of the countess's loyal stalwarts, he becomes her major-domo. He entices the daughter of a pair of rich social climbers into his amorous clutches while simultaneously achieving equal intimacy with the countess's son. He then ingeniously proposes that his duo of lovers plight their troth to each other so that he may always be true, in his fashion, to both. The countess is delighted, for the bride's dowry will bring in enough gold to fill the castle moat. Something for everyone, even before the plot reaches ludicrous heights of sadistic mayhem.

As the Hollywood directorial debut of Harold Prince, this disastrous film represents a vertiginous descent from bravos to catcalls. Earlier this year, Director-Producer Prince won just acclaim for his scintillating musical, *Company*. Guessing at the aesthetic motivations behind *Something for Everyone* is a speculative pastime, but ever since his success with the musical, *Cabaret*, Prince has apparently been captivated by the notion that he is peculiarly endowed to interpret the nature of European decadence and its relationship to the rise of Nazi Germany. The same theme recently caused a bit more flesh to crawl in *The Damned*, possibly because the decadence was depicted with a certain sinister conviction. In Prince's film, decadence functions as a backdrop to a silly operetta.

■ T. E. Kalem

Marital Pulp

Director Frank Perry and his scenarist wife Eleanor have a bad habit of taking important themes and mashing them into pulp. They did it with mental illness (*David and Lisa*) and youth and violence (*Last Summer*). Now, with *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, they have reduced the agonies of middle-class marriage to a snide, skin-deep *Cosmopolitan*-style short story of social climbing and terribly sophisticated adultery.

Diary's hapless heroine is Tina Balser (Carrie Snodgrass) who has a set of hang-ups that might shock Mary Worth. Jonathan, her lawyer husband (Richard Benjamin), is an Ivy League cretin who announces to their children at the breakfast table: "Your mother made Phi Beta Kappa at Smith, but I don't think she can make a four-minute egg." This sort of thing is hardly conducive to connubial bliss, so Tina

tends to get turned off when Jonathan yearns for a "little old roll in the hay." She begins a passionate "sex thing" with a surly, sarcastic, sadistic writer who taunts her and lusts after her with equal ferocity. After one such session, when the writer (Frank Langella) has roughed her up pretty badly, Tina screeches the kind of lumpish epiphany so typical of Mrs. Perry's scripts: "You're sick! Sick! You have to put on that big virile act because you're really a fag." She returns to Jonathan who humbles himself before her, and there is a hint of—as Mrs. Worth might say—a rosy dawn.

Every character in the script is a clumsy caricature, so there is not much the actors can do. Carrie Snodgrass is good enough as the bedeviled Tina, and Frank Langella contributes many moments of force and subtlety to his boisterous role. But Richard Benjamin, one of the standouts of *Catch-22*, takes a giant step backward. The part is a ludicrous stereotype; Benjamin plays it—or is directed by Frank Perry to play it—like a buffoon.

None of this would make much difference if it weren't for the fact that the Perrys are considered courageous East Coast film makers, fierce independents who are battling the System. But the Perrys are independent of Hollywood only geographically; aesthetically they are at its very core. People like the Perrys, in fact, are the System. There are many talented and truly independent film makers in the U.S. But the Perrys peddle mediocrity as surely as Ross Hunter or any other Hollywood schlockmeister.

■ Jay Cocks



SNODGRESS AS "MAD HOUSEWIFE"
Mary Worth might be shocked.



EDUCATION

THE GENERATIONS MEET ON VIET NAM MORATORIUM DAY IN MANHATTAN

671

When the Young Teach and the Old Learn

AFTER the murders, the accidents and Chappaquiddick, it was only a minor footnote. But for the Kennedys, bad news never ends. Into the old courthouse in Barnstable, Mass., last week marched the vanguard of the next Kennedy generation: Robert Jr. and his cousin, Robert Sargent Shriver III, both 16. The charge: juvenile delinquency by virtue of possessing marijuana.

On July 10, the sons of Robert Kennedy and Eunice Shriver allegedly joined several other boys at a small pot party in a garage near the Kennedy family compound in Hyannisport. Those present included an undercover agent, reportedly a young state trooper posing as a local cab driver named "Andy." He was only doing his job; the drug problem in Cape Cod's Barnstable County has reached the point where the court hears three or more such cases a day. Based on Andy's evidence, the Kennedy boys faced a bleak possibility: a maximum five years' confinement in the state house of correction.

Fortunately for them, Judge Henry L. Murphy granted a continuance of the case. After one year, said Murphy upon emerging from the closed hearing, the charges will be dropped unless the boys "have difficulty of some kind."

Class Warfare

Such difficulties are fast becoming a grim routine for parents across the land. (The latest statistics show 120,000 arrests for pot possession and sale in 1969.) It was all part of a typical week in what sometimes seems to be the true class warfare: the strain between the young and the old. In Massachusetts, on the Cambridge Common last week, for example, 100 white youths staged a raucous celebration of Black Panther Huey Newton's release from prison. Police ended the party with tear gas. In Oklahoma, hundreds tried to attend a banned rock festival in Turner Falls

Park. Worried about "drugs, nudity, free love and lawlessness," Governor Dewey Bartlett blocked the kids with 300 National Guardsmen. In Anaheim, Calif., about 300 garishly garbed Yippies "liberated" Disneyland. Before the cops arrived, the raiders hoisted a Viet Cong flag atop a fort on Tom Sawyer's Island and yowled slogans like "Free Mickey Mouse!"

The "youthquake" is likely to roll on even if the Viet Nam War ends tomorrow. In Jacques Barzun's phrase, the young are battling "the whole of modern life"—what they regard as meaningless work, abuse of the environment, the dwindling opportunities for adolescent self-definition at a time when puberty arrives earlier than ever. In recent testimony before Congress, France's Journalist-Politician Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber argued that the revolt of the young is aimed at the "excesses of economic competition" and cannot be "eradicat[ed] by the elders in a fit of blind rage." Businessmen themselves, he said, "know the sincerity of their children's concern. They get it at the break-fast table."

Testifying before the President's Commission on Campus Unrest last week, Columbia University's President-elect William J. McGill estimated that as many as 50% of all collegians now belong to "an alienated culture, hostile to science and technology, which is growing at a very rapid pace." McGill's solution is to speed up education and get collegians into full-time jobs faster—an effort to promote earlier independence. But that idea will have to compete with the alternatives that young rebels have already devised—the drug culture, group-marriage communes, "free universities"—many of them a courageous if mindless search for competence and humanity.

The picture is grim—and it is accurate up to a point. But it is far from

the whole picture. In the war between the young and the old, there is far more communication across the lines than is usually assumed. Part of the reason is that the alienated young, while a significant and inescapable group, represent only a minority. And even within the minority, the beginning of a new rapport between the generations is taking place. The phenomenon is still scattered but nonetheless remarkable. It involves a mutual search for understanding in which it is the young who influence and even instruct the old.

What Gap?

"What generation gap?" asks University of Michigan Psychologist Joseph Adelson, who argues that "an overwhelming majority of the young—as many as 80%—tend to be traditionalist in values." Much evidence suggests that youth's politics and passions still largely reflect those of their parents. Even the most radical student protesters tend to act out the ideals of their politically liberal parents, who often approve the goals if not the tactics of their activist children. The biggest gap may be between different groups in the same generation. Collegians who pursue vocational courses like engineering seldom display the *Weilschmerz* that afflicts liberal arts students, who worry about the contrast between U.S. ideals and realities. This is even truer of youngsters who still go straight from high school to work, war and marriage—certified adults at 18 or 19. To be sure, the children of blue-collar workers increasingly diverge from their parents over hair, dress and the use of pot, which is spreading in hardhat high schools. But politics is another matter: blue-collar children seem to be just as "conservative" as their parents.

Harvard Psychiatrist Robert Coles, who has studied ego strength among working-class children, is fed up with

scholars of "alienation," who "never analyzed Mexican Americans, kids from Montana, black kids or those from Appalachia." If they did so, he says, they would find that "the old-fashioned family pulling together is by no means extinct in this country." Coles is delighted to meet "16-year-old men and women growing up with a definite sense of identity, just working hard and trying to get a paycheck, somehow being responsive to their parents—and not going to a shrink five times a week."

Prefigurative Culture

It is among many middle- and upper-class Americans that the estrangement of the young is strongest, but the influence of children on parents is also most evident. Parents who lose control of their children are usually confused about their own values and identities. Lacking authority, such parents cannot provide the key ingredient of growing up: a loving force to rebel against. Psychoanalyst Helene Deutsch believes that many parents themselves are still emotional adolescents, and it is evident not only in their adoption of youthful dress and fads but in a lack of inner maturity as well: "In giving their children freedom and independence, they are pushing them out at a time when these children are still in need of parental guidance and protection." The familiar results are youthful rebellion, contempt and charges of hypocrisy.

It is the pain of such conflicts that increasingly drives parents to special, even desperate attempts to understand. Those who truly make the effort also find that in a strange way the parent becomes the child's pupil; that in guiding his father through the country of the young, the son becomes the father. Psychologists like Berkeley's Paul Mussen predict that this phenomenon may become common in U.S. life, at least among middle-class parents. As Mussen puts it, "We are going to see a period in which the young will be our teachers."

Anthropologist Margaret Mead goes further. In her view, the advent of the atomic bomb in 1945 split humanity into rival camps: the old are "immigrants" in a world they control but do not understand; the young are natives but still lack power. United by instant communications that dramatize crises everywhere, the new youth international views its elders as irresponsible—insensitive to global dangers like nuclear holocaust. In this situation, Miss Mead argues that much of the world is on the verge of a "prefigurative" culture in which "the young, free to act on their own initiative, can lead the elders in the direction of the unknown."

Whatever the merits of this theory, the young have not automatically gained moral authority. But parents are discovering that they cannot re-establish their own moral authority merely through laying down the law by fiat. The troubled parents of troubled children have only one real choice: listen.

What the kids say may be silly, impractical or illusory. To listen to children is like watching the film *Rashomon*: participants in the same event see it in drastically different ways, all "true." But listening pays—especially in an era when rapid social change is creating roughly one new U.S. generation every five years.

Fathers who listen—and then act in some public way—are more numerous



Governor McCall & son Sam

than many imagine. When Interior Secretary Walter J. Hickel wrote his famous post-Cambodia letter to President Nixon, his plea for more understanding of the young was based not on impulse but on his long experience with his six sons, aged eight to 28. Jack Hickel, 19, a biology student at the University of San Francisco, defines his relationship with his parents as "super-good." Hickel never indulged in what Jack calls "fairy tale" moralizing. When Jack sampled the "weekend hippie" scene in Haight-Ashbury several years ago, Hickel was troubled but not surprised to learn that the sampling included marijuana. He merely asked his son what it felt like, then suggested that it would be "foolish to take chances with the law and health." Jack quit. Today he has no qualms about criticizing the war policies of his father's boss. According to Jack, "It's up to the parents to open the lines of communication, and up to the kid to join in and keep them open."

Taking a Lonesome Step

Sometimes it takes a shock. Howard Samuels, who made his millions in the plastics business, is full of reformist ideas partly gained from family policy meetings with his eight kids, aged eleven to 27. Last winter, while campaigning for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in New York's primary, Samuels received a blow: his son Howie, 17, was arrested in Greenwich Village for possessing hashish. Instead of cringing in embarrassment, Samuels called a family confab, took his children's advice and came out for liberalized marijuana laws. (Last week the charges against Howie were dropped.) Some-



The Shivers leaving Barnstable Court House



David Callison with daughter Liz

thing similar befell Oregon's Republican Governor Tom McCall, whose son Sam, now 20, has battled heroin addiction since the age of 15. McCall still takes a dim view of all drugs. But now he feels "charitable" toward draft resisters and recently blasted Oregonians for refusing to lower the voting age to 19. He called the refusal a "tremendous victory for the S.D.S." Until recently, Ohio's Republican Senator William B. Saxbe viewed most antiwar dissenters as "crazies." In June, he changed his tune after receiving a jolting letter from his "most conservative" son Charles, 23, a Marine lieutenant. Charles movingly asked his father to fulfill his campaign pledges and help end "a war that is contrary to everything I've been taught to believe about America." The letter and Saxbe's impressed reply were duly inserted in the *Congressional Record*.

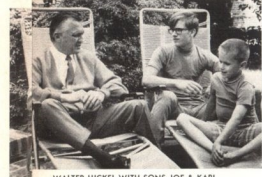
No doubt such incidents are relatively rare in the current climate of adult dismay over youth's excesses and eccentricities. And yet fathers who have been influenced by their children—and have



ROBERT F. KENNEDY JR.



RON & MICHELE WILLENS WITH PARENTS



WALTER HICKEL WITH SONS JOE & KARL

influenced them—can be found at almost every level of U.S. life. At times this may suggest confusion on the part of parents who are, above all else, eager to keep their families together. More often, perhaps, it suggests the kind of strength that is required to change one's mind. Some examples:

► **Democratic Congressman Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill**, 57, of Massachusetts' Eighth District, has good reason to heed the young. His house in Cambridge teems with five concerned children, aged 18 to 26, plus a constant dozen or so of their friends, all forever debating political issues. "At our house," says Susan O'Neill, a 23-year-old teacher, "you sit down to dinner and get up two hours later." Her father "always asks our sources, where we got our information,

how reliable it is." A few days ago, the O'Neills had a long discussion about hair; the Congressman duly assigned an aide to do some research. "We discovered that since the time of Christ, the male species has worn long hair and beards about 90% of the time. The Western world turned to short hair and clean-shaven faces only after the Prussian victory over France. All the great heroes of America have worn



JOHN B. DAVIS JR. & FAMILY

long hair. It's nothing for Americans to get alarmed about."

What makes O'Neill listen extra hard is the fact that he represents not only working-class voters but also 200,000 students on 34 campuses in the Boston area—the most collegiate district in Congress. The Johnson Administration got his early support on the Viet Nam War. Then, in 1967, O'Neill made a hawkish speech at Boston College, his alma mater, to a hostile young audience that included two of his children. Irked by one student questioner, he exploded: "I've had 43 briefings on the war from all the experts—Johnson, Westmoreland, Abrams, Bunker, Lodge, Rusk, McNamara—and I think I know more about this subject than you do." Replied the student: "Have you ever been briefed on the other side of the issue?"

Later his children besieged him with antiwar arguments. Back in Washington, O'Neill interviewed top officials off the record and found all of them privately opposed to the war. As a result, he took the then "lonesome" step of breaking with L.B.J., and became the first outspoken dove among New England Congressmen. He has not wavered. In a recent House speech, he urged his colleagues to "change the perilous course of this nation." And he added: "Truly, my children awakened me three years ago to the realization of how great the concern is, how deep the love of country and the desire to protect it."

O'Neill's children have converted him on other issues: against the SST, for the 18-year-old vote. He blasts campus violence as a sure way to anger Middle America, a theme he pounds in campus speeches. But rational dissent is something else: "There is no comparison with the knowledge of this generation and that of my own at that age."

► **Edward H. Harte**, 47, is a rich, urbane Texan who got "my big awakening" majoring in philosophy at Dartmouth. Today he is co-owner of the \$27 million Harte-Hanks newspaper chain, publisher of the Corpus Christi *Caller-Times* (circ. 107,000) and the most liberal press tycoon in Texas. A key cause of that superlative is his son Chris, 22, a political science major at Stanford, who has taught Harte to "admire the gutsiness of this generation."

It has not been easy. "In 1967, Chris called me from Stanford to say that he thought the U.S. was behaving almost as badly as Nazi Germany. I was shocked. I hung up." Chris persisted with dozens more antiwar calls from college, where he was managing editor of the *Stanford Daily*. "He took an almost Toynbee-esque line about the U.S.'s moral bankruptcy," says Harte, who stoutly resisted partly out of respect for his fellow Texan, Lyndon Johnson. "But finally my son got through to me. I realized that I didn't understand this war or believe that it was serving the nation's vital interests." So Harte did a hard thing in hawkish Texas: he openly opposed U.S. policies in Viet Nam, and even supported Eugene McCarthy in 1968. "I'm fairly certain that we were the first and only paper in the state to editorialize against the war," he says proudly.

Harte and his activist wife Janet, a New Englander who serves on the Texas Civil Rights Commission, have gone on to espouse locally unpopular causes like pollution control for oil companies. "That paper is the *Pravda* of South Texas," snorts one conservative lawyer. Harte has even recovered from his initial dismay at discovering that Chris played a major role in persuading Stanford to create a coed dormitory. "The kids were more orderly and serious about their studies, so I've changed my mind." Even so, Harte is still cool about some of Chris's other passions, such as the film *Easy Rider*. "I thought it was just corny as hell," he says. As for *Woodstock*: "If you don't dig that music—and I don't—it's a long three hours, I can tell you."

► **Harold Willens**, 56, started as a \$10-a-week grocery clerk to support his parents in East Los Angeles, served as a Marine intelligence officer in World War II, later worked his way through college and eventually became a millionaire developer of shopping centers. A few years ago, he says, "I was a tennis player, a moneymaker and a knee-jerk Democrat." His life centered on Palm Springs

weekends and boosting his fortune to \$10 million. Then something happened: his two youngest children (a third is 30 and less influential) "transformed me from a clod into a citizen."

It started with his son Ronnie's intense grief over the assassination of John Kennedy: "I suddenly realized that my concentration on acquiring material goods for my children had been a total waste of time." Soon Willens began worrying about pollution and the Bomb, watching new movies, and listening to the kids' records (Dylan, Ochs, Simon and Garfunkel), which seemed "awful" until he studied the words—youth's plaintive indictment of a nihilistic world.

Ronnie, now 24, later chose not to join his father's "irrelevant" business, won a conscientious-objector status after a harrowing legal battle, and started writing a novel. Meantime, Willens experienced the even more intense grief of Michele, now 21, over the assassination of Robert Kennedy, for whom she had worked. When Michele also quit college, says Willens, "I decided that I had better get off my assets and not let my children become totally disbelieving." As a result, he supported McCarthy and helped organize a group called Business Executives Move for Viet Nam Peace, which partly financed last fall's Moratorium. Much of his time is now spent touring the country recruiting executives for the antiwar cause.

As Michele puts it, "Dad just woke up one day and said, 'I know I've waited 50 years too long, but now I'm going to do something.' He did."

► **John B. Davis Jr.**, 48, school superintendent of Minneapolis, has lately awakened to the fact that "I am not only influencing but being influenced" by his eight children, aged seven to 25. The kids helped turn him against the war—and then challenged his whole profession. His son John dropped out of high school at 17 and now runs the experimental Cambridge Free School just off Harvard Square. Dismayed at first, Davis now proudly views John as one of the country's emerging "humanists" in avant-garde education.

Susan, 18, the family activist, has just graduated from one of Davis' high schools—much to his relief, she thinks. "I had constant run-ins with teachers and principals about student rights, and he got calls from them. One day I didn't salute the flag in school and someone complained. He got a lot of backlash, and I'm really grateful for his tolerance."

Davis finds it "very impressive that the young are relentless in their pursuit of what they feel is reason; they're not dissuaded." Thus, instead of going to college, which she considers unnecessary, Susan is working for YES (Youth Emergency Service), a telephone referral ser-

vice for troubled kids, which she helped start in Minneapolis this year. Later she hopes to study in Europe. Says Davis: "You can't dismiss them as young, ethereal dreamers. Their premises, whether right or wrong, are based on homework. They make them in a logical, sequential way, and you can't discount them." To ensure this in his own family, Davis always questions his children closely about the facts or non-facts that underlie their assertions. This used to be tough on Susan. "In the beginning, when we talked about student rights or the war, I'd get emotional and forget all the facts I had. There were a lot of angry, slam-the-door incidents. I used to be really upset because he was my father and he was supposed to listen to me. But he'd stay very calm and say, 'Come back when you can talk rationally.' Now there is a feeling that we are all individuals and I can talk to my parents as I would to any other person. I think that's a really important relationship to have with your parents."

► **David E. Callison**, 46, a Portland, Ore., cop for 22 years, has spent hours nose-to-nose with campus protesters and watched many a truncheon thudding against student skulls. So one day last spring Callison was both alarmed and relieved to learn that his 22-year-old daughter Liz, a senior at the University of Oregon, had just survived her first sit-

Some Tips on Coping with Parents

Henry Muller, son of a San Francisco physician, is a 23-year-old TIME reporter who has lately pondered the declining art of getting through to parents. His advice:

I HAVE never been busted for pot, my hair doesn't brush my shoulders, and you won't catch me nude in the park. I am so straight, in fact, that I actually have a job. Yet despite my failure to display the more flamboyant trademarks of the Aquarian generation, I find myself on the far side of a communications gulf born of the 30-year difference between my parents and myself.

We spar over My Lai 4 and the Chicago Seven, guaranteed incomes and Women's Lib; our tastes for entertainment have little in common; our views on America's changing mores are worlds apart; and my hair is still longer than my father's. But these differences have not severed the link between us. Disagreement is inevitable, but we are not estranged. For this, credit is due to my parents' patience. Communication, however, remains a two-way street. Here are some tactics that have proved successful in lessening the conflicts:

► Chances are that parents will never like Janis Joplin or Country Joe and the Fish, no matter how many times

you insist they're outstaged. So save your confrontations for topics that you consider important.

► To someone over 30, "rapping" just means knocking on wood; so steer away from contemporary jargon, a semantic roadblock that can easily alienate those who don't understand it. N.B.: lay off the word "fascist" unless you're describing Mussolini.

► Look for opinions you have in common. Talk about ecology, for example.

► When you decide to have it out on an issue, make sure you know what you're talking about. There's no quicker way to lose credibility than to be caught with unresearched facts or specious reasoning.

► Everyone knows this generation is supposed to be better educated and more intelligent than the last. If you find yourself mouthing this cliché, then it must be because your talents aren't obvious.

► Avoid emotional antics, like losing your temper. They play into the hands of parents looking for an opportunity to brand the Woodstock set immature and therefore incapable of being dealt with on an equal basis.

► Parents derive pleasure from reliving their own youth through the experiences of their offspring. Give them this treat by clueing them in on the unimportant

things you do. You'll soon find that talking about trivia keeps the gears of communication oiled.

► Try seeing it from their point of view, if only occasionally. They've been around for 40 or 50 years and may be having trouble keeping up with the accelerating pace of events. Imagine what you'll be like after enduring half a century on this globe.

► There is a limit to how much you can proselytize. After a certain point, you simply have to assume that parents are educated, intelligent people able to make reasoned decisions. Your task isn't to convert everyone to uniform thinking, but rather to provide the insights by which different points of view can be judged on their merits.

► Discourage them from adopting the affectations of the young. Tell them that parents in button-down shirts are beautiful, but that an old man in bell-bottoms looks ridiculous.

► Give yourself the ultimate test of open-mindedness. If you're 20, see how easily you can talk with someone 15. And if you're 15, try it with a twelve-year-old. Meanwhile, ask your parents to take time to talk to their progeny.

► Finally, don't patronize your parents, even though some of the foregoing surely sounds patronizing.



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in demonstration unscathed and spent a night in jail for trespass. "All we wanted was a chance to talk to the president of the university," she said. "We waited peacefully for 36 hours. When the police came, one asked me if I was going to force him to arrest me. I thought for a few seconds and said 'Yes.' If I had left, I would never have escaped judging myself for lacking the courage of my convictions. It was an opportunity to begin defining myself."

The eldest of six children, all nurtured in Catholic schools and reared in a close-knit family, Liz is a shy girl who hardly looks like a revolutionary. "What did you prove?" her mother asked about her arrest. "Not much," she replied, "but it was all I could do."

The trouble is that Liz yearns to bring "the system" to a screeching halt at once. After her arrest, she told Callison: "We have to close down the university and start all over." Callison good-naturedly threw up his hands: "Wow, Liz, are you dumb! Just like that, huh? Close the university. Wow." She told her father that he and his fellow cops ought to be out cracking the heads of industrial polluters, not the young. He replied that "a policeman has to enforce the law that the majority approves." At one point, he said wearily, "If you only knew how much time I spend trying to keep police from swinging to right-wing extremism." But she persisted: "Shouldn't we be on the same side?"

In a sense they are, and in the case of the Callisons, the father has just as much to teach as the child. A rare cop, Callison attended the University of Portland for three years before dropping out in order to support his family by pounding a beat. As president of the 655-member Portland police union, he knows precisely how to use power to effect change. In a recent display of leadership, he coaxed and pressured Portland officials into giving the cops higher pay and better working conditions. At any moment, a word from him would have triggered a police strike. "Liz may not believe it yet," Callison says, "but I'm a better revolutionary than she is."

► **New York State Assemblyman George Michaels**, 59, is a tall, aggressive Democratic lawyer who often conducts heated discussions with his three sons until 4 or 5 a.m. at his home in Auburn, N.Y. The talk has pushed Michaels from hawk to dove, but as a political realist he has a healthy respect for backlash: "Many people in my generation thought that the National Guard should have killed ten more at Kent State, and I am afraid they're expressing the majority view."

Michaels was long opposed, at least

in public, to liberalizing New York's rigid abortion law. Last spring his sons and a daughter-in-law cited numerous horror stories about the grim effects of the law on pregnant girls, many of whom they knew personally. They begged him to support a perennial reform bill. Michaels sympathized, but when the bill came up in the legislature last spring, he was prepared to vote "nay"—especially in an election year.

After Michaels voted against the bill, one of his sons angrily called him "a whore," and at that point he began to have second thoughts. Furthermore, only one more vote was needed to pass the bill. After hours of angry debate, Michaels rose with tears in his eyes and switched his vote—thus giving New York the most liberal abortion law in the U.S. The young, the press and most women cheered, but Michaels knew what was in store. Roman Catholics were incensed; even fellow Democrats

When the kids were in junior high school, we went camping a lot, did things as a family. So we had a foundation, and when the crisis came, I had time to cope with it."

The trouble began two years ago when Robinson's eldest child, Sue, then 17, took to things like going downtown barefoot and mixing on the fringes of the drug-rock scene. Despite the family's supposed closeness, Sue began drifting away. She scorned values that Robinson took for granted. She accused her father of "just not listening," he recalls, "and I would say, 'The hell I'm not. I understand.' She was right."

Hard Responsibility

One day the Robinsons were shocked to find a bag of marijuana in Sue's room. In Seattle, parents have turned kids in for that. Instead, says Robinson, "we began to adjust, to really listen for the first time." They interviewed Sue's friends, discussed Viet Nam, gradually

accepted ideas that had formerly incensed Robinson, "a child of the Depression" and a veteran of World War II. In fact, he says, "I have enjoyed talking to some of these kids more than their parents have. I think that's sad."

By now, he says, "I find that I have to be careful what I say in my own world. I'm having trouble communicating with adults." All the same, the Robinsons have achieved a bigger goal: saving their relationship with Sue, a sophomore at the University of Washington, who now abhors most of the drug scene, especially "the dealers, who don't care about the poor kid on the street who gets a bum tab of acid." Who educated whom? The kids led the way, says Robinson. "You've just got to get into their camp. There is no way to beat them." But Sue puts it another way: "You can't make it without your parents—you just can't."

Sue's discovery is echoed by others, including Margaret Mead. "The kids do not understand about social organization, whatever it is," she says, "The older people know how to do it, but the kids must use the expertise they have around them because they have no methods, and methods are not born overnight." In a speech she has elaborated the theme: "The older people have the tools—the doctors, lawyers, scientists. The young people must learn to work with them, just as the older people must learn to understand the rebellion of youth."

In fact, getting along with parents has never been easy in the U.S. America has almost begged for trouble by expecting children to out-achieve their parents, yet wanting them still to look up to them. Now that many refuse to do either, the task is even harder. One who

DRAWING BY WHITNEY DARDOW JR. © 1979 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.



"GEE, DAD, JUST BECAUSE I HAVE CONTEMPT FOR YOUR POLITICS, SOCIAL STANDARDS, RELIGIOUS BELIEFS, AND MORAL CODE DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T LIKE YOU. I REALLY LIKE YOU A LOT."

denounced his action. In the June primary, Michaels' constituents erased him from the Democratic ticket, virtually denying him a sixth legislative term.

In fact, Michaels is now relieved. "It cost me my political career," he says, "but I made the right decision. The important thing is that I can face my family." Many people agreed: he has since received 9,000 letters from all over the world. Says Michaels: "Thank God my sons put me on the right track."

► **Clarence A. Robinson**, 43, vice president of Seattle's Tally Corp. (electronics equipment), had long tried to put his wife and three children ahead of his work. "At Tally," he said, "we take the position that a guy who works a 60-hour week is just plain inefficient, unorganized, or out of balance at home. We give him demerits for it, not merits. I quit that sort of thing years ago.

has thought a lot about the subject is Tracy I. Gray Jr., 16, who will be a senior this fall at Evanston (Ill.) High School. Though Tracy is black, and the strain between the generations is often especially acute in Black America, he gets along extremely well with his parents, who operate a family upholstery business in Evanston. He understands that he must educate them, but also that they must educate him.

"For a period, every child thinks he knows more than his parents," says Tracy. "From the insight teen-agers gain today from their contact with the outside world, they easily see parents' faults. But instead of saying, 'Oh God, I see that you are not as smart as I am,' 'Oh God, I see that you can't see about the war,' 'Oh God, you are a person who doesn't change,' the kids should look at the parents objectively. This is a hard responsibility for the teen-ager. Take my mother. I like her as a person. I'm sure I would like her even if she weren't my mother. She gets upset—very easily sometimes. But outside of being my mother, she is also being herself. Mrs. Gray. Of course, my mother doesn't think as I do. She's constantly talking to her child, her baby. I don't let it stifle me. I accept it. I still try to talk to her and we get through to each other."

Back to Wisdom

Tracy feels that when he needs advice on practical matters, he must often turn to others. "A teen-ager today can't expect his parents to know everything, or know enough to answer all his questions. There may be a drifting away from the parental information center, but I don't think the parent as the parent will disappear. He will have a different role. In the future, parents will be helping the kids more in their beliefs and attitudes. Kids will go to their parents not for just pragmatic advice and information but also for guidance and understanding in the art of becoming a person. They will learn not only how to make a living but also how to live."

The most striking aspect of Tracy Gray's advice to his peers is of course that he is rediscovering the role that parents used to play in the pre-technological era—moral guidance. Today's stress on technical knowledge has undercut that role; yet knowledge is multiplying so fast that parents might well return to teaching wisdom rather than facts that soon become obsolete. Tom Winship, *Globe* of four and editor of the Boston *Globe*, believes that for the past ten years the nation's children have provided the "energy and courage" for most social progress: civil rights, campus reform, ecology, withdrawal from Viet Nam. But many have also been stunningly naive about drugs, the dangers of violence, the values of work and excellence. "It's fun to be responsive to our kids," says Winship. "They can teach us something—but so can we teach them a hell of a lot."

Conservative Activist

The best-known law professors these days seem to be activist and liberal, urging sweeping social and political reforms. At Yale, Alexander M. Bickel, Chancellor Kent Professor of Law and Legal History, is as much an activist as any of his colleagues. He considers himself a liberal Democrat, campaigned for Robert Kennedy and serves as a contributing editor of the *New Republic*. Yet Bickel is a notable exception to the liberal stereotype; he is most noted for his judicial conservatism.

In the past year Bickel, 45, has shuttled regularly to Washington to testify on subjects ranging from electoral-college reform to presidential war powers.



ALEXANDER BICKEL
A notable exception.

Late last month Congressman Richardson Preyer of North Carolina appeared before a congressional committee to discuss his school-integration bill and was frank to admit that Professor Bickel had drafted it.

Warren Court Critic. During his 14 years on the Yale faculty, Bickel has exasperated colleagues who have praised the accomplishments of the Warren Court. A former law clerk to Justice Frankfurter, Bickel insists that an insulated Supreme Court ought not to attempt to instigate broad social reforms. Sweeping policymaking by the court, he contends, not only displaces the proper functions of legislatures but also seriously hampers the effectiveness of the court itself. In a book published this year, *The Supreme Court and the Idea of Progress*, he carried his philosophical argument to its most controversial conclusions. Bickel suggested that the Warren Court's reapportionment decisions

were not only wrong in concept but ineffective in result.

When a recent Bickel article in the *New Republic* asserted that coercive governmental integration policies on a massive scale would not work and should be stopped, the professor's critics mounted an angry counterattack. "Oh, Professor Bickel's position is just dandy," said Civil Rights Attorney Marian Edelman. "Just let him explain it to all those black kids who remain in segregated schools." Lumping his colleague with John Mitchell, Spiro Agnew and Strom Thurmond, Yale's Professor Fred Rodell wrote that "The dominant domestic policy of this antediluvian league is to liquidate the work of the Warren Court for civil rights and civil liberties and replace it with resegregation and law and order." The slight, urbane professor was unflinched. "I would lose my way intellectually," he says, "if I started thinking about the political impact of my positions."

Intellectual jousting has been a way of life for Bickel ever since he came to the U.S. as a 14-year-old immigrant from Bucharest. His family lived in New York City, where young Bickel spent most of his spare hours in the public library. "The ethos in our family was not to make money but to conserve it," recalls Bickel, who said that an overdue library book brought his father's sternest reprimand. Bickel breezed through City College of New York as a Phi Beta Kappa student, then moved to the Harvard Law School, where he became a law review editor.

No Holds Barred. After graduation, Bickel eventually found his way to the chambers of Justice Felix Frankfurter, the man who most influenced his thinking. "Frankfurter believed in intellectual egalitarianism," says Bickel. "You could debate him only with no holds barred."

After a year with the State Department's now defunct Policy Planning Council, he returned to Harvard to work on the papers of Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis. At Yale since 1956, Bickel has become one of the law school's most provocative teachers and prolific authors on constitutional law. He has also been one of the university's most outspoken critics of student militancy. When he wrote a magazine article last fall, a copy taped to the wall of a law school corridor was soon decorated with unflattering graffiti by activist student commentators. Unfazed, Bickel condemned "student revolutionaries intent on destroying the universities. To believe they are participating in parlor discussions is foolish."

Many of Bickel's detractors claim that his broadside pronouncements are a blatant effort to promote himself for the Supreme Court. But Bickel denies it and even suggests that the next court appointee might have experience in high political office—which he obviously does not.

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"The wise man reads both books and life itself." Lin Yutang

photograph by Algimantas Kezys, S.J.



THE PRESS

Horizontal in Washington

Washington, D.C., is a city of hustlers and manipulators, full of pitfalls for the journalist, and covered by some of the most experienced reporters in the U.S. It stands to reason that the newspaper correspondent conceded by his colleagues to be Washington's all-round best would be cynical and a bit smug. He isn't. The Chicago *Daily News's* Peter Lisagor, 55, has made his mark by 20 years of hard work and humor, and if he has scooped every competitor and pulled every beard in the capital, he remains the most popular newsmen in town.

Laughter is Lisagor's calling card. He has stepped on Khrushchev's foot, fallen asleep in the Taj Mahal and walked head-on into a lamp-post (with bloody consequences) while recording the words of Lyndon Johnson. He tells terrible jokes and laughs so hard at them that everyone laughs with him. Still, no member of the press corps makes the mistake of writing off "Old Pete" as a buffoon. They all laughed when he foiled security by slipping his rented car, crudely lettered STATE DEPARTMENT 1-A, into a key position in Khrushchev's 1959 motorcade through Des Moines, but the joke was on them. It usually is.

Whispers with J.F.K. The lighthearted Lisagor is admired as a great generalist in a field where specialists are taking over. As chief of the *News's* five-member bureau, he practices what he calls "horizontal" journalism—he and his reporters follow their stories wherever they lead rather than sticking to narrow beats, as they might at a large "vertical" bureau. Pete himself covers the White House, foreign policy, Washington politics and whatever captures his fancy. He is reputed to have the widest range of true friends in the Government's employ of any correspondent in D.C. L.B.J. has called him "brilliant." To the consternation of Lisagor's colleagues, John Kennedy used to call him aside for lengthy whispered consultations. J.F.K., a fellow sufferer, was actually asking about Pete's bad back. "I always told the other reporters it was a privileged conversation about Berlin or Cuba or the cold war," Lisagor recalls gleefully, "and that I couldn't divulge any part of it."

Lisagor modestly attributes his popularity to the fact that he works for a provincial paper. None of his sources, he claims, ever see what he writes. But being a "busher" in the bailiwick of the Eastern press giants has had its draw-

backs. Lippmann or Reston could get a Cabinet member by phone, but Lisagor once waited weeks trying to see John Foster Dulles. He got an interview immediately when, on the strength of a New York *Times* Sunday Magazine assignment, he identified himself as Mr. Lisagor for the *Times*.

On another occasion, the wire services entirely ignored one of his scoops—the discovery that President Syngman Rhee had refused the offer of Indian troops at the height of the Korean War—until he leaked it to the New York *Herald Tribune*. By 1966, when he beat everyone with the first authentic ac-



PETER LISAGOR

Shooting out windows on both sides.

count of the Jackie Kennedy-William Manchester squabble, A.P. and U.P.I. were finally paying attention.

Ron's Bad News. Outside the profession, much of Lisagor's recognition and prestige is due to his appearances on television, which he pretends to disparage. "I belong to the dirty-fingernail set," he boasts. "Those who work with pencil and notebook, as opposed to the folk heroes on TV. I'm a working stiff, a shoe-leather man." He is embarrassed when little girls recognize him and ask for his autograph. Nevertheless, he does a weekly report for NET and is the most frequent guest journalist on NBC's *Meet the Press*, a program that displays Lisagor's most conspicuous talent: he is far and away the most skillful interrogator in the business. On TV, at press conferences, and at the now-famous breakfasts run by Godfrey Sperling of the *Christian Science Monitor*, he breaks through the reserve of official after official with the wit, in-

sight and irreverence of his questions.

"After a year," he asked an evasive Daniel P. Moynihan, "how does it feel to be the house liberal?" Lisagor had used the approach before. "If you were Secretary of State," he asked Johnson Adviser McGeorge Bundy several years ago, "would you want a McGeorge Bundy in the White House?" And when Nixon Press Secretary Ron Ziegler began a song and dance about how General Lewis Hershey had not actually been canned as Selective Service director but promoted to a higher advisory post, Lisagor stopped the nonsense and broke up the house by asking quietly: "How did he take the bad news, Ron?"

Shorn of Britches. Those fortunate enough to catch Lisagor in print (his features and weekend columns are syndicated in 90 cities but seldom appear in D.C. or New York) find Pete hanging on no ideological peg. An apolitical anomaly in a highly partisan town, he is praised by Bill Buckley's *National Review* and quoted by the liberal *New Republic*. "An old editor once told me to walk down the middle of the street and shoot windows out on both sides," he says. "I guess that's about what I try to do." He will agonize for hours over his lead. One colorful effort dramatized L.B.J.'s technique of silencing the G.O.P. by stealing its issues: "There is no other word for it—the Republicans have been held up in broad daylight by a daring political desperado from Texas, Lyndon B. Johnson has shorn them of their britches, in the pataois of the Federnales."

Pete Lisagor's "plain folks" pose is an honest one. He was a 14-year-old orphan when he went to Chicago from the West Virginia coal fields in 1930. He played pro baseball "for \$65 a month and hamburgers" in Iowa, until he saved enough money to go to the University of Michigan. With time out for the Army and a Nieman Fellowship at Harvard, he has worked for the *News* almost continually since 1939. In Washington, Old Pete never flaunts his unique eminence, but he obviously enjoys it. When a friend called to ask if a big story had been leaked to him—he had a 24-hour beat on it—he chuckled comfortably and replied: "They don't leak stories to me. I'm just a barefoot boy from over the mountains."

The Devil in Duval County

In Hawthorne's allegorical short story, *Young Goodman Brown*, the ingenious Puritan wanders into the forest one dark night and catches all his friends, neighbors and saintly village elders in mortal sin—in this case devil worship. It might have been just a dream, but it made a lifelong cynic of young Brown. Much the same thing happened not long ago to a young reporter named Charley Thompson, who wandered into Jacksonville, Fla. The sin was not devil worship but pollution, a suitable modern equivalent. And it was no dream.

WJXT-TV in Jacksonville had a reputa-

MEDICINE

tion for crusading. Last year when the station hired Thompson, 28, an experienced Miami newspaper reporter, he was told: "We have no sacred cows here." Assigned to the pollution beat in March, Thompson turned out a series of explosive documentaries that named names, showed proof and dumped skeletons out of some of the best closets in Duval County. A local political candidate with a strong conservation program turned out to be board chairman of one of the county's worst polluters. A member of the water quality control board also served on the board of a paper company with a dreadful record for water pollution. A company cited for befouling both water and air boasted an executive on the air quality control board. One of the area's major employers proved to be an ocean polluter of vast proportions. Thompson even discovered that WJXT dumps its film-processing chemicals into the St. Johns River, although that story never went on the air.

Approving fan mail poured in, but Charley was soon caught in a stampede of sacred cows. He got blamed when the station manager was dropped from the Rotary Club and when the Chamber of Commerce accused WJXT of "trying to keep Jacksonville from developing." Employees of one embattled company made explicit threats on his life. He began to worry when the station's ad director sarcastically offered him a list of WJXT's customers "so I could hit them systematically instead of one by one." The herd kept pressing, and several weeks ago Thompson was fired for doing his job too well. "I've covered civil rights marches and jail riots," says the bewildered Young Goodman Thompson, who also picked up 18 decorations in Viet Nam. "But this conservation thing is the one that really scared the hell out of me."



CHARLEY THOMPSON
Trampled by the sacred herd.

Policing the Plasma Plants

Plasma, a clear, yellowish fluid that constitutes about 60% of human blood, is an important medical commodity. Hospitals use it for direct, life-saving transfusions to victims of burns and injuries, while pharmaceutical companies have been purchasing increasing quantities for use in the production of vaccines and serums. This growing demand has created a thriving business for hundreds of unlicensed private laboratories, which buy plasma for \$5 and up per pint, sell it for at least a 100% profit. But it has also led to a serious public-health problem, and last week the National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council proposed strict new rules to police the plasma plants.

The prime target is the widespread use of plasmapheresis by commercial blood laboratories. An old technique, plasmapheresis separates the components of whole blood and returns the red blood cells—hardest for the body to replace—to the donor. The procedure as now employed can be both profitable and dangerous. Whole blood should not be given more often than every two months. But donors can and do sell plasma far more frequently, and often to laboratories that fail to protect either them or the ultimate user of their life-saving product.

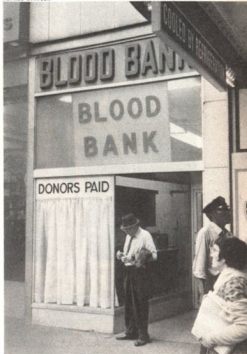
Lack of Control. One of the dangers that blood donors face is serum hepatitis, a sometimes fatal liver disease transmitted by unsterile laboratory equipment. But the council is even more disturbed by the lack of adequate control over the majority of plasmapheresis programs now under way in the country. Coordination among programs is lacking, record keeping practically nonexistent.

Donors are both unscreened and untested. Though most whole-blood donors are volunteers in good health, many of the approximately 100,000 plasma donors are Skid Row bums and drug addicts. Desperate for money, they may involve themselves in several programs at once, selling plasma as often as three or four times a week. Many allow themselves to be hyperimmunized, so that their blood will produce disease-fighting antibodies. Others participate in programs that could create RH-factor incompatibilities, exposing them to illness or even death if they themselves should later require blood transfusions or certain types of medication.

Appalled by this situation, the Research Council has responded by drafting a set of guidelines aimed at protecting both the donor and the user of plasma products. To weed out the unfit, it proposes limiting participation in plasmapheresis programs to persons of "fixed address."

The council also wants to establish regional registries to identify qualified donors and to maintain records on them.

ALFRED STATLER



A MANHATTAN BLOOD BANK
Identifying the unfit.

Such a system would also prevent donors from either giving plasma too often or taking part in programs involving the injection of incompatible antigens. It also proposes strict limitations on the laboratories themselves. Under the suggested rules, a physician would be required to supervise all laboratory blood operations, examine all donors.

More than guidelines, however, are needed to deal with the burgeoning blood business. The council itself has no enforcement authority, and the U.S. Public Health Service's Division of Biologics Standards can regulate only the purity and safety of those plasma products shipped across state lines. Washington can exercise only limited control over the purchase of raw plasma from unlicensed laboratories. It is up to the states to regulate the commercial blood centers, and few, so far, have shown any inclination to act.

Strengthening Brittle Bones

One of the most universal symptoms of aging—unlike shrinking stature or wrinkling skin—is hidden from view. Virtually all bones in the body tend to become brittle because they lose some of the calcium compounds that provide rigidity and strength. The elderly are notoriously vulnerable to hip fractures from even a light fall. In some cases, ribs or the long bones of the arms or legs fracture spontaneously, without a fall or noticeable trauma. The condition can also be congenital, and in such

DR. JENIFER JOWSEY



POROUS BONE



AFTER CALCIUM TREATMENT

The symptoms are invisible.

rare cases it becomes a lifelong affliction.

At first glance, the remedy for what is technically called osteoporosis (porousness of bone) seems obvious: feed the patient more calcium-rich food. This does not work, however, because in these patients calcium is poorly absorbed from food. Now, a team of researchers headed by Dr. Frederic C. Bartter of the National Heart and Lung Institute in Bethesda, Md., has devised a promising treatment based upon adding calcium via the bloodstream.

The calcium in bones is not an inert, permanent part of their structure, like steel beams in a building. Rather, it is continuously being removed and replaced by the body's normal metabolic processes. So osteoporosis can result from too much calcium being removed too fast, too little being replaced too slowly, or both.

The Bartter team started with two known facts. Parathyroid hormone, secreted by the thyroid's tiny satellite glands, directs the removal of calcium from bone and its release into the blood. One of the thyroid's own hormones, thyrocalcitonin, controls the converse—the transfer of calcium from blood to bone. These two hormones balance each other in normal metabolism by an exquisitely delicate feedback mechanism. Too little calcium in the blood signals the parathyroids to take some out of the bones and put it into circulation; a sufficiency of calcium in the blood induces a stop order from the thyroid.

Surprise Bonus. Bartter and his colleagues reasoned that if they could boost the blood's calcium content safely, the effect would be to slow down the loss of calcium from bone. They chose a compound containing calcium gluconate and infused it into the patients' veins. They settled on a dose of 1 gram (1/30 oz.) for a 145-lb. man and took four

hours to administer it to avoid overstimulating the heart. The infusions were given twelve times, a day or two apart.

Not only did nine of the first twelve patients report relief from pain and regain their ability to move about and lift objects without suffering fractures, but there was also a bonus that Dr. Bartter had scarcely dared to hope for. The treatment's effect lasted for months, and in one case for more than two years. If the effect wears off, Bartter says, the infusions can be easily and safely repeated. While no one yet claims to know what makes nature's calcium-regulating mechanism go wrong, medical science now has a way to put it right.

Avoiding Voiding: Danger

The fact that women develop unexplained infections of the urinary tract more often than men has long been observed but not understood. Now, Urologist Jack Lapides of the University of Michigan finds that the answer lies in toilet habits: most women urinate less frequently than men. The reasons, says Lapides, are social and cultural rather than physiological.

A baby has no inhibitions and urinates whenever the nerve centers of the bladder react to internal pressure. The trouble begins, says Lapides, with toilet training. A child, especially a girl, is rewarded with approval when it wakes up with dry diapers; boys are expected to be more undisciplined.

In grade school, girls seem more sensitive to their teachers' annoyance at requests to leave the room; they ask to be excused less often than they should. When they do get to the lavatories, they are likely to find stalls with no doors. Toilet seats may be broken or dirty. So many girls decide to "hold it" until they go home. Boys, more conveniently equipped and usually

less shy, are under no such restraint.

In college, a girl is likely to be holding it for as long as four hours in classes or on dates. By then she may be deluding herself with the idea that her restraint strengthens her bladder. On the contrary, says Lapides, it causes the bladder to become distended, with its walls taut and blood circulation diminished. This in turn reduces the resistance to infection. Urinary-tract infections may manifest themselves by a burning pain during urination. Eventually, they can involve not only the urethra and bladder, but extend up to the kidneys. They are among the most stubborn and hard to treat of common infections. Penicillin is usually ineffective, and urologists have to rely on other antibiotics or other drugs such as the sulfas.

Foundation Trouble. The older a woman gets, says Lapides, the greater her tendency to delay. There is embarrassment at leaving the table or asking for the bathroom at a party. More mature women who still wear all-encompassing foundation garments may reason that the undressing involved is too much trouble, so they wait until they get home.

As many as 30% of girls up to age 16 are "infrequent voiders," Lapides says. Beyond that age, they begin paying for their restraint in medical disorders. One of his studies showed that 60% of women with urinary-tract infections had enlarged, infrequently voided bladders. Another disclosed that 67% of 250 infected women had bad bladder habits. Dr. Lapides' prescription: the bladder should be emptied about every two hours. Teachers and supervisors should recognize this and stop acting annoyed when pupils or employees regularly respond to the urge.

GOLVER PICTURES



VICTORIAN BEDTIME SCENE
Every two hours is better.

Why you need us now.

You didn't need us the past 10 years. Traffic hadn't peaked. Driving was relatively safer. (In 1960 there were only 62 million cars on the road.) The economy was steady.

But, now it's 1970. And you've got problems.

Today there are about 105 million vehicles. Traveling faster than ever. Causing incredible congestion. Eating people out of house and home.

And most important, the number of traffic-related mishaps keep rising.

Choosing a car nowadays hinges on more than color. Flashy hubcaps. Or electric windows.

So you understand our saying that now, you need us. You need a SAAB 99.

We designed it for 1970. Because we saw today coming. 10 years ago.

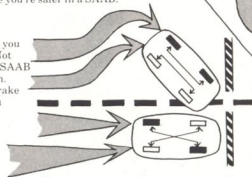


You need protection. Going 70MPH. Or 30 MPH. SAAB 99 is built with exclusive Roll-Cage construction. Reinforced steel beams run the length of the car. Around the roof. In the windshield pillars. In the side windows. Crash tests prove you're safer in a SAAB. The well-built Swede.

Years ago, if a brake system failed, you had a chance to stop undamaged. Not today. Roads are packed. You need SAAB 99's Dual-Diagonal braking system. Unique. It not only stops you if a brake circuit gets damaged, but stops you straight. Without swerving.



Today, for many reasons, you're traveling unfamiliar roads you've never driven. You need SAAB 99's front wheel drive. It gives incredible traction and control. On wet or dry surfaces. It doesn't push. It pulls you around curves. Out of skids. No road is unfamiliar in a SAAB 99. The well-built Swede.



In the past, you could nurse a sponge. Now, who needs the cost. SAAB 99's aerodynamics, fuel injection (in the 99E) and free-wheeling (another SAAB exclusive) work to give you 5 to 10% more gas mileage than similar cars. And this well-built Swede's rugged overhead camshaft 4 cylinder engine keeps SAAB 99 on the road. And out of the shop.

On today's highways, danger crops up fast. You need SAAB 99's rack and pinion steering. It has fewer moving parts between the steering wheel and the turning wheels than conventional systems. So it reacts quicker. More precisely. Turn the steering wheel, SAAB turns.

SAAB 99

Now, you need us.



Today, you have good reason to see your SAAB dealer's full line of well-built Swedes.

SCIENCE

Thermography: Coloring with Heat

THE British astronomer Sir William Herschel performed a curious little experiment some 170 years ago. After bending a beam of sunlight through a prism, he found that a thermometer heated up most if it was placed just beyond the red end of the spectrum. Herschel concluded that the mysterious heat source was invisible rays from the sun, but he could hardly have known that infra-red radiation—as it was called—would eventually let man see the world in an entirely new light.

Today, infra-red detectors are providing stunning images that were once totally invisible to the naked eye (see color pages). The new medium is called color thermography—the technique of translating heat rays into color. Unlike ordinary color photographs, which de-

ten been used to detect Communist troops in even the most densely foliated jungle. Other applications include heat-seeking missiles and spy-in-the-sky satellites. One of the leaders in the field, the Barnes Engineering Co. of Stamford, Conn., has developed detectors that can "see" the dark part of a crescent moon from a quarter-million miles away.

Though their composition may vary, all these devices are based on the same technology: they are capable of transforming tiny amounts of heat into electrical currents. Once amplified, those currents are fed into a display unit that shows the rise and fall of the infra-red radiations as visible light. The display may be as uncomplicated as an ordinary light bulb whose fluctuations are recorded on photographic film. In some

intensity, a different color filter pops in front of the thermograph's internal light bulb. The resulting flickerings are then recorded on color film, with each hue representing a different temperature range. Colors are arbitrarily selected. Warmest areas are represented by shades of red and orange. Medium temperatures come out in yellow and green, while the coldest spots are violet, blue and black. The advantage of a color thermogram over black and white is that most people can distinguish vivid colors more easily than shades of gray.

At least half a dozen companies are now producing thermographic equipment. Two of the pioneers in the field are Sweden's AGA and Bofors. The newest system in AGA's line, which is called Thermovision, can show color pictures on a TV screen at the fast rate of 16 frames per second. Therefore it can provide cinematic-style color thermograms that actually show changes in temperature as they occur. The Barnes and Bofors cameras, on the other hand, are slower, but their manufacturers claim better resolution. In any case, the heat of the competition is a measure of thermography's potential in the marketplace.

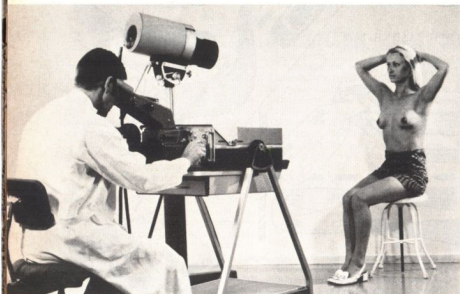
Hot Cargo. Unlike thermometers and other ordinary heat-measuring devices, thermographs do not touch or disturb the objects they photograph. They are useful tools in the growing field of non-destructive testing—analyzing a product without damaging it. Utility companies, for example, are able to uncover dangerous overheating in equipment without interrupting service.

One promising use of thermography is in medicine. By spotting unusual temperature changes on the skin, doctors have been able to locate tumors, detect symptoms foreshadowing strokes, explore the extent of arthritic inflammation, gauge the severity of burns. If human skin is too warm, it may well mean increased metabolic activity and blood temperature underneath it, one of the signs of a malignancy. Cold skin may indicate dead tissue, as in severe burns, or reduced blood circulation, a clue to circulatory blockages.

Thermography has also proved helpful in finding flaws in aircraft assemblies, checking electronic circuitry and discovering diseased crops. It has even trapped smugglers. Equipped with a thermograph, border police in one Middle Eastern country found unusual heat coming from one area of a water-tank truck. An immediate inspection revealed that part of the cargo was indeed hot; it was a huge haul of hashish.

The Literate Incas

During the century before its fall to the conquistadors, Inca civilization flourished with startling grandeur. Inhabiting the Andean slopes from what is now Ecuador and Peru down into Chile and western Argentina, the Incas cut paved roads through the mountains, laid out



EXAMINING FOR BREAST CANCER IN SWEDEN
Seeing the world in a new light.

pend on reflected visible light, thermograms, or heat pictures, respond only to the temperature of the subject. Thus the thermographic camera can work with equal facility in the dark or light.

The camera's extraordinary capability is built around a characteristic of all objects, living or inanimate. Because their atoms are constantly in motion, they give off some degree of heat, or infra-red radiation. If the temperature rises high enough, the radiation may become visible to the human eye, as in the red glow of a blast furnace. Ordinarily, the heat emissions remain locked in the invisible range of infra-red light.

Since World War II, there has been an intensive effort to produce better infra-red detectors for the military. In Viet Nam, for instance, such devices have of-

ten been used to detect Communist troops in even the most densely foliated jungle. Other applications include heat-seeking missiles and spy-in-the-sky satellites.

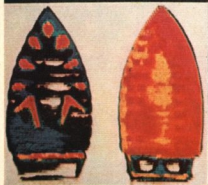
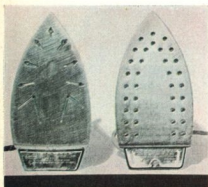
In fact, the optics of a typical thermograph somewhat resemble early television. Using tilting and moving mirrors, the Barnes cameras scan the target horizontally and vertically. With each movement of the mirrors, the infra-red detectors take what are, in effect, quick temperature readings of a tiny portion of the subject. Before a picture is completed, as many as 40,000 "bits" of such information may be needed. The picture may be shown simply in black and white with shades of gray representing different temperature ranges. But color can be added with the use of appropriately positioned filters. Whenever there is a sufficient change in heat

Thermograms by Barnes Engineering Co.

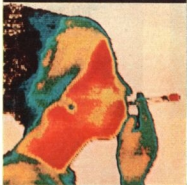


Despite its surrealistic quality, this photograph of a suburban Connecticut house has a highly practical purpose. The infra-red camera produces a color thermogram, or heat pic-

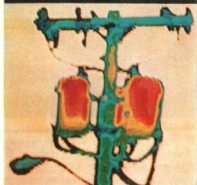
ture, in which each shade represents a slightly different temperature. The red streaks to the left, for example, reveal heat losses where insulation is deficient.



Although both irons are set at lowest temperature, the ordinary photograph tells nothing of their performance. The thermogram, however, reveals that right iron is hotter (indicated by red area).



Smoker's hair tone is almost uniform in black-and-white photograph, but infra-red shot reveals lower temperatures farther from blood-rich scalp. Blue dot above neck is an earring.



Red areas show uneven heat flow from two cylindrical transformers on utility pole. Such studies could be useful to indicate incipient equipment failures as well as help to improve design.



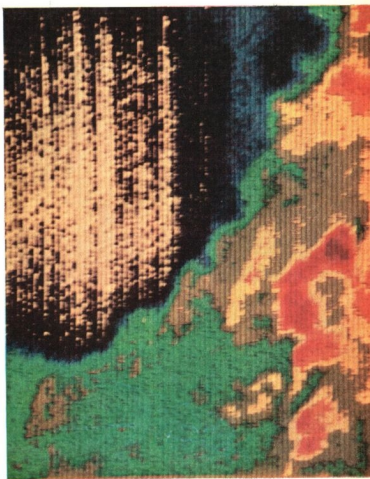
Breast tumor is detected by Temple University researchers. The cancerous area in upper left corner is deep red, because tumors give off more heat.



Dark area over eye indicates that the brain may be getting less blood than normal, possible sign of a future stroke.



Thermograms may replace potentially harmful X rays in examining pregnant women. Here placenta in normal position is shown as warm red area above the navel.



Infra-red camera reveals thermal pollution from a power plant. Red band, extreme right, represents a shoreline heated by sunlight. Red plumes trace the hot discharge into river.

elaborate irrigation systems, erected high suspension bridges across deep ravines. For all their engineering skills, these early Americans have long puzzled scholars because, unlike all the great peoples of the ancient world, they seemed to have no written language. Did they pass on their culture from generation to generation only by word of mouth?

Talking Boards. Now a distinguished German ethnographer has offered a fresh solution to the puzzle. The Incas, Dr. Thomas S. Barthel told the 39th International Congress of Americanists in Lima last week, did indeed have a primitive script. It has remained available, though unrecognized, through the centuries. Further, said the Tübingen University professor, he has translated about 25 of the symbols.

Barthel's claim provoked some scholarly skepticism, even though the one-time Wehrmacht cryptographer has shown skill at cracking ancient linguistic codes. Fifteen years ago, Barthel reported deciphering the so-called "talking boards" of Easter Island in the South Pacific. The Inca mystery was every bit as challenging. But he had invaluable help from Peruvian Archaeologist Victoria de la Jara. If there was a written language, she suspected, it must be hidden in the geometric designs (*tocapus*) found on priestly garments and wooden vessels.

For many years, Señorita de la Jara immersed herself in Inca history and painstakingly catalogued *tocapus*. But she failed to find what she was looking for: an Inca equivalent of the Rosetta stone, the key that opened ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs to modern understanding. Finally, she turned her researches over to Barthel. With the same shrewdness that enabled him to decipher several Allied codes during World War II, Barthel made use of an important clue in her material. Many of the Inca vessels bore pictures as well as *tocapus*. In fact, one common scene portrayed the act of toasting the gods. After studying numerous pieces, Barthel found a matching *tocapu* that, he believed, recorded the same act.

Son of the Sun. That connection established, Barthel turned to the *tocapus* embroidered on one notable Inca relic—a priestly garment, or *uncu*, now in Washington's Bliss Collection. He decided that the repetition of some of the *tocapus* meant that the same message was being emphasized. More important, he noticed that several signs, like Chinese pictograms, resembled real objects. That enabled him to pick out the symbols for the supreme Inca deity, Kon Ticsi Viracocha (popularly, Kon-Tiki), who is represented by the *tocapu* for heat (kon) and two bases of pyramids (*ticsi*), meaning foundation and earth. By the time Barthel finished, he had translated an entire column of *tocapus*: "Kon Ticsi Viracocha is the son of the sun, the heat, the teacher of the earth, the priest, the origin of light, the lord of the sun."

Barthel explains that the difficulty in



PORTION OF DECIPHERED SCRIPT
Secrets in the relics.

continuing the translation of the more than 400 known *tocapus* is that they often carry double, triple and even quadruple meanings, apparently in an effort by the priests and nobility to keep the writing out of the reach of commoners. But more of their long-kept secrets may eventually be revealed. And further deciphering may give scholars fresh insights into why the once mighty Inca civilization collapsed so completely in its confrontation with a small band of Spaniards.

A Well-Aged Moon

They would make me believe that the moon was made of green cheese.

—A Pistle to the Christian Reader,
John Frith (1529)

Once man had finally stepped onto dusty lunar soil, scientists thought that they would easily be able to dispel all mysteries about the moon's composition. Alas, not so. Both seismic tests on the moon's surface and experiments on earth have shown that lunar material transmits sound at a perplexingly slower rate than ordinary terrestrial rocks.

Investigating the puzzle, two scientists at Columbia University's Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory checked what they drily called "much earlier speculations concerning the nature of the moon." Geophysicists Edward Schreiber and Orson L. Anderson carefully compared the sound-conducting properties of two lunar rocks with those of a wide assortment of cheeses. The result: Wisconsin muenster conveyed sound slightly faster than one moon rock; Norwegian goat cheese responded almost precisely like the other rock.

Reporting their playful experiment, Schreiber and Anderson prudently make no claims of having solved the puzzle. All they say in *Science* is that their work "leads us to suspect that perhaps old hypotheses are best, after all, and should not be lightly discarded."

RELIGION

Religious Press: The Printed Word Embattled

When he introduced movable type in the 15th century, German Printer Johann Gutenberg knew what the public wanted: a Bible. In the U.S., Protestant and Roman Catholic publishers alike found it profitable to follow Gutenberg's lead. Bibles and hymnals, missals and prayer books, inspirational and theological works always had a certain dependable bread-and-butter market. Religious periodicals were a bonanza—with a combined circulation, in the mid-'60s, estimated at nearly 60 million. But the crisis in Christian faith during the late 1960s and divisions over doctrinal and social issues within Protestantism and Catholicism have changed the situation. Religious publishing is in serious trouble.

Catholic publications have suffered most in recent months. Sheed and Ward, once among the most flourishing of Catholic book publishers, has retrenched to a skeleton staff and a spare list of new books. *Commonweal*, the most intellectual of U.S. Catholic weeklies, has appealed to its readers for funds to survive. *Herder Correspondence*, a scholarly international Roman Catholic monthly, died in June. *Ave Maria*, a brightly edited but faltering magazine, tried to keep 105 years of publication history alive by changing its name, content and format; but the replacement, *A.D. 1970*, expired two weeks ago after only 18 issues. And despite an enviable record of reportorial scoops, the aggressively liberal *National Catholic Register* has lost 22% of its circulation over the past 18 months.

The latest symptom of crisis occurs this week when the *National Register*, a 43-year-old weekly Catholic newspaper supported widely by U.S. bishops, will be taken over by Twin Circle Publishing Co., a right-wing Catholic enterprise supported by Schick Millionaire Patrick J. Frawley.

Council Victim. The \$500,000 purchase agreement, reportedly financed by Frawley, solved the immediate fiscal problems facing the *Register* publishers, Denver's Catholic Press Society. The paper's national edition was down from 190,000 at the beginning of 1969 to 112,000 recently; the number of its diocesan editions dropped from a high of 36 to 25.

Like many other victims in the Catholic publishing world, the *Register* was also a remote casualty of the Second Vatican Council. During the exciting conciliar years 1962-65, Catholic publishing enjoyed a remarkable boom that inspired what *Cross Currents* Editor Joseph Cunneen calls "unreal expectations." Moreover, the widespread liturgical experimentation encouraged by Vatican II seriously undermined a profitable "black book" trade in

breviaries, missals and hymnals. Many Catholic bookstores, dependent on these items and such increasingly unpopular devotional accessories as rosaries and statues, simply went out of business, thus depriving publishers of one of their major outlets. Rapid developments in theology compounded the problem, often outdating books before they appeared. Eventually, the tide of reform following the Council produced a reaction among traditional Catholics—a shock manifested by their rejection of publications that brought them the discomfiting news.

Just such a backlash surely cost the *Register* some subscribers as it moved cautiously left of center under the editorship of Father Daniel Flaherty. But the emphasis on local diocesan life resulting from Vatican II was a more critical factor: several large dioceses decided to publish their own papers, leaving an enlarged *Register* printing plant underutilized. Now, as part of the sale agreement, *Twin Circle*—the original weekly backed by Frawley—will also be printed at the Denver plant, which stays in the hands of the former *Register* owners.

Twin Circle itself has grown remarkably, nearly doubling its circulation in the past 18 months to more than 100,000. Much of that increase probably resulted from a blanket, hard-sell promotion (including phone calls to every parish in the country). Some of it is also a response to the unyielding ideology of Jesuit Editor Daniel Lyons, who would have the U.S. blockade Haiphong and send Nationalist Chinese troops to Viet Nam. While an *ad hoc* committee of bishops was working to resolve the California table-grape strike, Lyons castigated both the bishops and the strikers. On matters of doctrine *Twin Circle* has supported the Pope vociferously, and has reflected traditionalist misgivings about innovations in the Church. Recently it warned darkly of "theological abuses" that might accompany the new Order of Mass.

For the moment the *Register's* future posture is a question mark. It will be edited and published not by Father Lyons but by Dale Francis, 53, a layman, former publisher of *Twin Circle*, whose weekly column in that paper was notably more moderate than the views expressed by Lyons. Francis, who admits that *Twin Circle* is only "a journal of opinion," promises to make the *Register* into a "national Catholic newspaper of record." Whether he can do this under the watchful eye of Father Lyons, who will move to Denver from his offices in Frawley's Los Angeles building, is arguable. But Francis insists: "The *Register* is not going to be *Twin Circle*. If it is necessary to do any disassociating, I will show it by the content of the paper."

Protestant publishing troubles reflect similar stress within denominations. On social issues and in theology, church leadership and local pastors in liberal Protestant churches have often been more progressive than their congregations, and sometimes positively radical. The *Episcopalian*, quasi-official magazine of the U.S. Episcopal Church, angered many communicants with its defense of a \$40,000 grant to the militant Spanish-American *Allianza* in New Mexico. A breezy Methodist campus magazine, *motive*, ran into trouble last year when printers initially refused to set four-letter words in an issue on women's liberation; the next month's issue was pulled from the presses by the United Methodist Church Board of Education

hardback copies. Other evangelical best-sellers stress personal experience. David Wilkerson's *The Cross and the Switchblade*, for instance, tells of Wilkerson's life as a street minister amid New York City's gangs, and has sold more than 6,000,000 copies, mostly in paperback in 24 languages. Some 2,900 non-denominational evangelical bookstores in the U.S. account for an estimated \$113 million in gross sales annually.

Packaged Topics. Success has not been the exclusive domain of conservatives, nor disaster the exclusive fate of liberals. The *Christian*, a lively, 110-year-old evangelical newsweekly in Great Britain, died last year. *Triumph*, an archconservative U.S. Catholic monthly, faces severe financial problems.

The liberal Catholic publishing house of Herder and Herder, on the other hand, has sold some 350,000 hardback English-language copies of the Dutch Catechism. The pious, progressive bimonthly, the *Critic*, is remarkably healthy—abetted by a brace of profitable newsletters, Protestant and Catholic, a series of packaged sermon topics, and the Thomas More Book Club.

Various schemes for survival are being tried. Though specialized magazines for priests have had their own troubles lately, Father Clifford Stevens of Santa Fe, N. Mex., has recently launched a slick, readable monthly called *Schema XIII* (after the Vatican II document on the church in the modern world), which tries to overcome the stodgy clerical image of competing periodicals. Methodists and Presbyterians have joined to launch a new "multi-media" mission magazine, *New World Outlook*, replete with poster-size foldouts and stapled-in phonograph records. The Roman Catholic Maryknoll fathers have announced a new line of "Third World" books about problems in underdeveloped countries to be edited by Philip Scharper, formerly with Sheed and Ward.

The U.S. Catholic Conference has spent a good deal of money to make the National Catholic News Service a thoroughgoing, even painfully candid, news organization.

Indeed, Publisher Norman Shaifer, a non-Catholic layman who backed the short-lived *Priests' Forum* magazine of the National Federation of Priests' Councils, suggests that what progressives need to develop is the conservative's willingness to spend not only time but also money on communications. An example of a liberal who does so, Shaifer points out, is Belgium's Leo-Jozef Cardinal Suensens, who is developing an elaborate communications system in Europe. Liberals in the U.S. must do the same, insists Shaifer. "They spend so much time talking among themselves that they don't realize that others still haven't got the message."



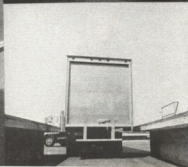
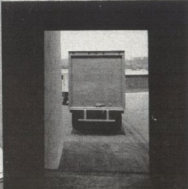
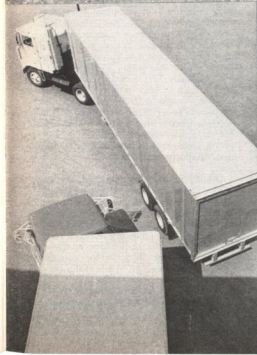
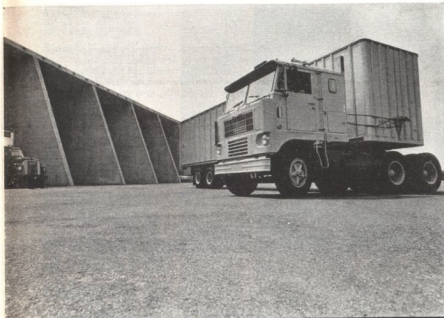
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINES & NEWSPAPERS
Schemes for survival.

for similar language. In all, the predominantly Protestant periodicals belonging to the Associated Church Press have lost almost 2,000,000 in circulation—nearly 10%—in the past two years.

John Knox Press, one of the better Protestant publishing houses, was caught in the left-right crossfire within the Presbyterian Church in the U.S. The firm had to cut its publishing schedule in half this year, at least partially because of conservative dissatisfaction with its parent agency, the Church's Board of Christian Education.

The huge Protestant evangelical market, however, is flourishing. Word, Inc., a record-and-book publishing firm in Waco, Texas, has produced a pair of phenomenal bestsellers on spiritual group dynamics by an Episcopalian oilman named Keith Miller (*TIME*, Sept. 19). Together they have sold some 700,000

Admit it. The guys are good.



You've seen it dozens of times. A truck pulls to a stop near a narrow alleyway. Or in a crowded terminal.

With only a glance in the rear-view mirror, and the feel of the wheel in his hands, the driver moves quickly and confidently. He snakes 55 feet of tractor and trailer back into a spot you'd have trouble backing the family car into, and snuggles it right up to the loading dock.

Someone nearby can't resist saying, "Another coat of paint and he wouldn't have made it."

At that moment, nobody has to tell you who the best drivers on the road are. You know.

Of course, there are other reasons why the trucking industry has the best safety record on the highway, and why it gets better each year. Like better trucks, better highways, and better equipment maintenance programs. But the biggest single reason, by far, is the skill of the men behind the wheel.

Next time you see one doing his stuff in a tight spot, take a good look. You're watching the greatest highway safety device ever invented at work. The professional truck driver.

*American Trucking Associations, Inc.
1616 P St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036*

If you've got it,
a truck brought it.

How to improve your home so it sells for less.

You can make a million mistakes trying to sell your own house. And one of the big ones is making the wrong improvements.

Many times an expensive addition, or even redecorating can be the kind of thing that'll cost you more than you get back.

Instead of guessing, go to your Realtor. He's not just anyone in real estate. He's the professional who is pledged to a strict code of ethics.

He can tell you what to do to make your house more salable. And what not to do so you won't lose money.

In fact, your Realtor can help you in many ways. Getting real prospects. Handling phone calls and paper work. Helping the sale go through by assisting the buyer to find mortgage money.

Use your Realtor. It's the quick, easy, profitable way to sell a house. And the smartest way to buy one.

Your Realtor®

Somebody good to have working for you.

You can recognize your Realtor by this seal. A Realtor is a professional in real estate who subscribes to a strict Code of Ethics as a member of the local and state boards and of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, 1300 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.



MILESTONES

Born. To Tisa Farrow, 19, youngest sister of Mia Farrow, and Terry Dene, 29, producer of *Homer*, Tisa's first movie: their first child, a boy; in Toronto. The two say they will marry as soon as Terry receives his divorce from Evelyn Patrick, the former Mrs. Phil Silvers.

Married. Roger Mills, 24, a white civil rights law clerk for the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund; and Berta Linson, 24, a black Jackson State College student whom he met while working in the L.D.F.'s local office a year ago; he for the first time, she for the second; in a nondenominational ceremony in Jackson, Miss., the first legally sanctioned interracial marriage in the history of that state.

Married. Albert Finney, 34, British film actor (*Scrooge*); and Anouk Aimée, 38, French actress (*A Man and a Woman*); he for the second time, she for the fourth; in a civil ceremony; in London.

Died. Frances Farmer, 56, honey-haired Broadway and Hollywood beauty of the late '30s; of cancer; in Indianapolis. Her fourth movie, *Come and Get It*, was a smash hit in 1936, and she conquered Broadway with equal ease a year later in Clifford Odets' *Golden Boy*. After that came raging fights with co-workers, bouts of alcoholism and finally, mental breakdown. Eventually, she recovered her health and went on to host a popular Indianapolis TV show.

Died. Samuel B. Mosher, 77, founder of The Signal Companies, a conglomerate with sales that topped \$1.5 billion last year; of cancer; in Santa Barbara, Calif. In 1922, armed with \$4,000 and an instruction pamphlet from the Bureau of Mines, Mosher constructed a small unit to extract natural gasoline from the "wet gas" found in the Signal Hill field near Los Angeles. Within five years, he was selling 34 million gallons annually to major oil companies. He went on to help found Flying Tiger airlines, bought interests in American President Lines, the aerospace industry's Garrett Corp., Mack Trucks and numerous other ventures in oil, TV and professional sports before retiring as chief executive in 1968.

Died. Dr. Otto Warburg, 86, member of the famed international banking clan who turned to biochemistry and twice won the Nobel Prize; of pneumonia; in West Berlin. Warburg's first Nobel was in 1931 for his pioneering research into the nature of the respiratory enzyme; his second came in 1944 for equally basic studies of cancer. While Hitler forbade the scientist of Jewish descent from accepting the prize, he did permit Warburg to continue working because of his own dread of the disease.

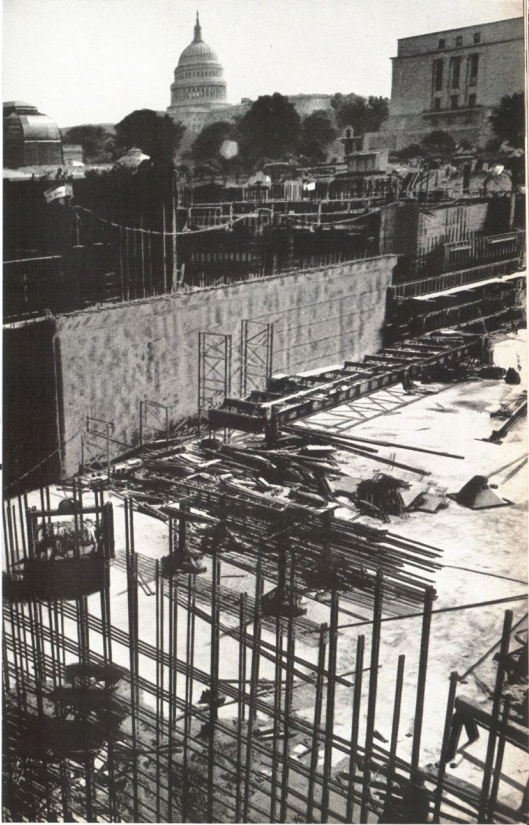
MARTIN MARIETTA MOVES

**in cement,
aggregates,
aluminum,
lime, high
technology
systems,
dyes, silicas,
chemicals,
printing inks,
refractories.**

Preserving history: To speed traffic and safeguard the historic beauty and tranquility of The Mall in front of the Capitol in Washington, the city is now constructing a mile-long tunnel. It will carry traffic under the whole area and provide a badly needed link in the city's new road system. One of our cement companies supplied 35,000 tons of cement (that's over 700,000 bags) to the project. Martin Marietta is a major producer of materials used in heavy construction. Cement, aggregates, aluminum, concrete additives. Construction materials accounted for over \$200-million of our sales last year of \$981-million.

**MARTIN
MARIETTA**

277 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017





"Go play in the park."

It's possible, you know. The grounds adjacent to nuclear power plants are safe and clean enough for children's playgrounds.

In fact, today, most nuclear power plants are places of education and enjoyment for thousands of adults and children who visit them. However, in spite of the visitors and the safety credentials, some people may become uneasy when they hear a nuclear power plant is planned for their vicinity. They ask questions.

And they want straight answers.

"Is a nuclear reactor in a plant the same kind of thing as an atomic bomb?"

Absolutely not. It's physically impossible to have an atomic explosion in a reactor, because the heat needed by the plant to make steam is created with very dilute fuel. A nuclear expert couldn't make this dilute fuel produce an atomic explosion if he tried. Except for the heat source, the process of producing electricity in a nuclear power plant is identical to an ordinary steam electric plant fired by coal, gas or oil.

"If nuclear power plants aren't dangerous, why do some people think they are?"

Partly because there is a great tendency to

equate nuclear fuel sources with nuclear explosions. This is the result of far more publicity about bombs than about power-producing nuclear fuel.

The fact is, rigid safety precautions make the nuclear industry in the United States and abroad perhaps the safest industry in the history of technology. Before the go-ahead is ever given to build a nuclear power plant, the Atomic Energy Commission requires that the potential owner adhere to safety standards that will withstand every conceivable emergency, including natural catastrophies such as earthquakes, tidal waves, tornadoes and the most destructive hurricanes.

How effective are these controls? Never has a utility-operated nuclear power plant in this country adversely affected public health or safety.

There are 15 full-scale nuclear power stations operating in 10 states. After more than 10 years of operating experience (a total of over 100 reactor years of operation), not a single employee of a utility-operated nuclear power plant has ever been injured by or over-exposed to radiation.

"Do nuclear power plants pollute the environment with harmful levels of radiation?"

No.

But radiation does exist in widely varying degrees throughout our environment. It's everywhere. It always has been.

—Natural radiogases in the air expose



Visitors Center and grounds of the Connecticut Yankee Atomic Power station, Haddam, Connecticut.

nuclear power

each American to an average of 5 millirems of radiation a year. (A millirem is 1/1000 of a rem, the standard unit of measurement of the biological effect of radiation.)

Cosmic rays expose us to another 30 millirems. This varies widely depending at what elevation we live. Just living on a hill exposes us to 5 more millirems than if we lived in a valley 400 feet below.

—Natural radiation is in the earth. Radioactive materials in the soil and rock expose us to an average 20 millirems each year.

—Natural radiation is in our buildings. A concrete or stone house might expose us to about 50 millirems or more of radiation, a brick house somewhat less, a wooden house even less.

—Natural radiation is also in everything we eat and drink. 25 millirem exposure per year on the average. But this again varies with type of food and locale.

Now, how significant is man-made radiation from nuclear power plants in comparison with this ever-present natural background radiation?

Operating experience tells us this.

A person living in the vicinity of a typical nuclear power plant, 24 hours a day for a full year, would receive 5 millirems or less of radiation.

The Atomic Energy Commission has spent millions of dollars researching the nature and effects of radiation: natural, medical and industrial. Developing nuclear power plants which are most compatible with the environment is a major purpose of these studies.

"Why can't electricity be made like it always has without using anything nuclear?"

It can, and is. Right now, only 1% of the electricity generated in this country is produced by nuclear power plants. The other 99% comes from fossil fuel (coal, gas or oil) or hydro (falling water) plants.

However, this ratio will have to change to keep up with future power needs.

In the next ten years alone, we'll need as much electricity as we have used since the invention of the light bulb—90 years ago.

Fossil fuels are not available in an inexhaustible quantity. As for hydroelectric plants, falling water must be harnessed to convert into power. Nearly all of these unique hydropower sites have already been developed.

Nuclear power on the other hand, is the newest, most versatile, and, in some areas, the most economical means of meeting electric energy needs. Without it this nation's energy supply in the next century, and perhaps the latter portion of this century, could become inadequate.

It is estimated that nuclear power plants will account for half of our electric power by the year 2000; it's one of the most promising ways to meet the electrical needs of the future.

The people at your Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies:

*For names of sponsoring companies, write to: Power Companies, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019

BUSINESS

Housing: The Swing Back to Ticky-Tacky

THE main trend in new housing for the past 15 years has been toward bigger—and better-equipped—homes and apartments. Now the nation's housing crisis has thrown that movement into reverse. Builders are turning again to the construction of small, stripped-down dwellings. The result is a reappearance of what social critics call suburban "ticky-tacky." Much of it is almost as cramped, though perhaps not quite as ugly as the postwar bungalows that earned developers considerable derision in the 1950s.

Builders have rushed back to the low-priced end of the market because the soaring costs of labor, land, materials and especially mortgage money make it impossible for many buyers to afford larger, more expensive homes. "The three-bedroom, two-bath house that in 1966 cost \$25,000 now goes for \$32,000," says Michael Tenzer, a senior vice president of Los Angeles-based Larwin Group Inc. "Four years ago, about 41% of the people around here had in-

comes of \$9,600 or more, which could qualify them to buy that house. Today only 22% of the population can meet the \$14,900 annual income requirement for that same house."

Little More Than Livable. To hold prices down, builders offer less space and fewer amenities. Larwin's three-bedroom models have shrunk from 1,300 sq. ft. to 1,000, for example, and the company is putting them up on cheaper land farther from the center of the city. Larwin has dropped dishwashers as standard equipment, substituted a single oven for a double one, and switched to lower-quality kitchen cabinets. Kaufman & Broad, which builds in 43 communities, has not only eliminated fireplaces, landscaping and air conditioning as standard items, but also shifted to a more boxy-shaped house because extra corners raise building costs.

The stripped-down models have a special appeal to the increasing legions of young couples eager to find a home of their own. Denver builders report brisk sales of \$15,000 one-family homes. In Dayton, \$16,000 three-bedroom models are market leaders. Carrying the trend to its extreme, many builders are successfully bringing out two-bedroom, one-bath houses, which buyers had shunned for years. In Houston, \$11,995 buys a two-bedroom home. Pardee Construction Co. sells a two-bedroom model for \$16,000 in San Diego. "It's livable," says Vice President Vance Meyer, "but it's more a shelter house than anything else."

In another move to control costs, some 40 companies have begun man-

ufacturing modular housing—factory-finished rooms that are assembled at the site. Richard Wasserman, president of Levitt & Sons, which is building a modular factory, expects that this system will cut construction costs to at least 5% below those of today's conventional, on-site building. Wasserman anticipates much larger savings in the years ahead because "the incredible shortage of skilled craftsmen" seems certain to drive wages at building sites up much faster than those of lower-paid factory workers.

Modular housing may help to free the fragmented building industry from its dependence on localized and often inefficient production methods. Stirling Homex Corp., largest of the modular builders, last month moved an entire trainload of \$20,000 town houses 950 miles from its plant in Avon, N.Y., to Corinth, Miss. Each house was built and shipped in four sections, averaging 12 ft. by 24 ft.; then the modular units were swung by crane onto foundations and were made ready for occupancy on the same day that they arrived.

Subsidizing the Mortgage. To spur sales of houses, developers in Southern California, Texas and Michigan have adopted gimmicks that temporarily reduce mortgage rates and thus cut monthly payments of buyers. At the new town of Valencia outside of Los Angeles, Builder Don Bren sold \$1,000,000 worth of homes in three weeks; for three years, his customers will pay only 6% interest on their mortgages, instead of the 8½ to 9½ rate prevailing in the area. After the three years, the own-



MODULAR UNITS ROLLING TO MISSISSIPPI



LOW-PRICED PARDEE DWELLINGS IN SAN DIEGO

Cutting the corners to corner the buyers.

ers must refinance the loan. The refinancing could involve lower interest rates than at present, but, if the prevailing rates do not decline, buyers could easily wind up paying more for their homes than they would have with an ordinary loan.

The Government is sharply increasing its mortgage aid, mostly to people in the lower-middle-income brackets. Through the Federal Housing Administration, families with incomes from \$4,000 to \$8,000 can obtain a mortgage on which the Government subsidizes up to 7½% of the 8½% interest rate for the 30-year life of the loan. The Government pays the subsidies to private lenders, which extend the loans. For one recently completed group of \$17,500 town houses in Pittsburgh, the buyers (mostly blacks) will pay only \$97 a month for interest and amortization on their mortgages; the taxpayers will chip in another \$86. In addition, the Emergency Home Finance Act, signed last month by President Nixon, creates a new program to subsidize loans on an estimated 280,000 houses priced up to \$30,000 over the next three years.

High-Price Squeeze. "People have panicked over the stock market," says Pittsburgh Builder Vincent Amore, whose \$50,000 homes are selling slowly. The market is particularly sluggish in the suburbs around New York City. Several major corporations have shifted their headquarters out of troubled Manhattan, and transferred executives are forced to sell their houses, creating an oversupply in the market. Many have shaved the asking prices for their houses. A house that commanded \$90,000 last year now moves for about \$85,000.

One bright sign is that conventional mortgage money is again trickling out from banks and savings and loan associations. Reasons: the Federal Reserve Board has relaxed last year's squeeze on the money supply, and recession-wary consumers have reduced their spending and increased their savings. Still, demands for the limited supply of credit are so great that few money-men expect mortgage rates to dip much below 8% in the near future. The frustrated home seeker who is waiting for a big drop in interest rates, construction costs or rents is almost sure to be disappointed.

The Administration counts on an increase in construction to help lift the economy out of the 1970 slump. Housing starts have risen 28% from their January low, to an annual rate of 1,358,000 units in June. Though the rate may well reach 1,600,000 units by year's end, most estimates place total 1970 output not higher than 1,440,000 units (not counting mobile homes), v. 1,500,000 last year. That would leave the U.S. far behind its congressionally set goal of 2,600,000 starts a year. Thus, in the nation that has long taken pride in having the best housing in the world, finding a suitable place to live will remain a headache for many people.



"TWELVE COUPONS, TWO HORSES, ONE CAR, ONE DOLL, THREE GRAINS OF WHOLE WHEAT DERIVATIVE—DON'T TELL ME THAT'S NOT NUTRITIOUS!"

CONSUMERISM

Not by Cereal Alone

Since the charge was made three weeks ago that most cereals offer little nutritional value, the issue has grown from a tempest in a breakfast bowl to a national debate that has provided wits and pundits with plenty of grist. In one of many newspaper cartoons, a worried father says to his child: "I want to talk to you, son. It's about the cereal we have insisted that you eat. . . . Columnists, with varying degrees of levity, have called the health promises for cereals so much pap, cackle and puff. Bumper stickers note that "Jack Armstrong died of malnutrition."

Preoccupied though it was with other weighty matters, Congress last week provided a forum at which the cereal makers defended themselves. For representatives of the industry, which spends \$87.5 million yearly in TV advertising, the hearing was a sober matter. They had to face charges by Robert Choate, a consultant to last year's White House Conference on Food Nutrition and Health, that their health claims are harmful because they divert consumer dollars away from more nutritious foods.

A Matter of Taste. In testimony before the Senate consumer subcommittee, industry officers and some nutritionists contended that dry cereals should not be evaluated alone, but in combination with milk. Even cereal with milk, they said, was never intended to be the sole source of protein, minerals and vitamins at breakfast. "A breakfast of cereal and milk," testified Harvard Nutritionist Fredrick Stare, "along with some fruit, a couple of pieces of toast, some polyunsaturated margarine, a little jelly and jam, is just as nutritious as a bacon-and-eggs breakfast with fruit, toast and something to put on the toast." As for the cereal makers' marketing tactics, Dr. Robert Nesheim, research and development chief at Quaker Oats, argued: "No one will get good nutrition into his stomach unless the product has an appealing taste. I see nothing wrong with promoting

quality products on the basis of taste, convenience and even premiums."

An equally distinguished panel of nutritionists disputed the industry's defenders. Dr. Michael Latham, a Cornell professor, condemned cereal advertising. "The consumer has been led to believe that ordinary cereals have a nutritive value superior to common foods such as bread, hominy grits, rice, spaghetti, baked beans, potatoes and pizza," he said. "This is not true." Besides, Latham added, "Puffed rice is five times as expensive as ordinary rice and yet provides smaller amounts of most nutrients."

Harvard Nutritionist Dr. Jean Mayer pointed out that different brands of cereals vary widely in nutritional values. "Such differences," he argued, "could easily be avoided and many products upgraded." It would be fairly easy, for example, for the companies to add more vitamins and minerals to cereals. They already produce some highly fortified cereals, notably Kellogg's Product 19 and General Mills' Kaboom and Total.

Ironically, the Food and Drug Administration has proposed limiting the amounts of minerals and vitamins in cereals, on the grounds that too much of these good things can be harmful to some people. The FDA is backed by the American Dietetic Association, but opposed by the American Medical Association. While the great breakfast-food debate goes on, many parents can echo the tag line of a cartoon in the *Arkansas Gazette*: "Isn't anything sacred any more?"

AUTOS

A Fix-It-Yourself Approach

As a secretary, Karen Liable could type "four-barrel carburetor," but she certainly did not know what it did or even looked like. For precisely that reason, she was picked to leave her desk at the Ford Motor Co. last week, don coveralls, and approach a waiting Pinto, the 2,000-lb. subcompact that Ford will put on sale Sept. 11. Her mission: to perform many of the adjustments described in the owner's manual, *The Happy Pinto*



SECRETARY CHANGING PINTO GRILLE

—and How to Keep It That Way. If Karen failed, Ford officials said, the manual would be deemed a failure, and would have to be rewritten in simpler language. As it turned out, Karen did well; she removed the air cleaner, changed the grille, cleaned the spark plugs.

Ford's fix-it-yourself approach reflects an effort by Detroit to turn out cars that can be adjusted easily by the ordinary driver. The trend began with the introduction of two small, easily fixable models—Ford's Maverick and American Motors' Gremlin. As the automakers bring out new small cars, it is continuing. On Sept. 10, General Motors will introduce its subcompact, the Vega, and executives are boasting about how easy it is to repair. Says one: "Just five screws hold Vega's grille in place. It can be removed in less than ten minutes without taking off the bumper. All that's necessary to remove the bumper is to loosen six bolts."

Swing to Simplicity. By making such simple, basic machines, the automakers have decided to try to beat Volkswagen, Toyota and Fiat at their own game. The Vega has only 1,231 parts, the Pinto 1,600. By comparison, a standard two-door Impala has 3,500 parts and a Lincoln Continental 9,000. Partly because big U.S. cars are so full of complicated tubes, wiring and equipment, which mechanics call "plumbing and spaghetti," even easy repair jobs can cost great amounts of money. Mechanics' hourly pay has increased from about \$3.78 in 1966 to \$5 today. This autumn Ford will sell sets of basic tools, starting at \$28.75, and special kits of spare parts for the Pinto. The company estimates that in only a few minutes a Pinto driver can replace the grille for \$10, the rear lights for \$5.25 and all fuses and lightbulbs for \$4.

To promote the Pinto, Ford is also offering buyers a simple, key-shaped tool that it claims serves 27 purposes, from measuring the gap between electrodes



FORD'S PINTO KEY

on a spark plug to stripping wire and turning regular and Phillips screws. Not to be outdone, G.M. suggests that, with its illustrated and simplified manual, the Vega owner will need only a few tools: wrench, screwdriver, coat hanger, garden hose and—to replace transmission and rear-axle fluids—a turkey baster.

Shrine for the Victims

The daily news of tragic motor accidents is almost too much for all of us who have dedicated our lives to the automobile. When I think of the mental anguish of the traffic victims' families, my conscience cannot rest.

The speaker was the president of the world's fifth largest auto producer, Shotaro Kamiya, 71, of Japan's Toyota Motor Sales Co. Recently, on the slopes of the Tatehina Mountains, 140 miles west of Tokyo, he formally dedicated a Buddhist shrine at which prayers will be offered regularly for the souls of people killed in auto accidents.

The shrine, a blood-red structure, cost \$444,000. Contributors included Kamiya, all Toyota dealers in Japan and the Esso Standard Oil Co. (of Japan), whose American president is a friend of Kamiya's. The centerpiece of the temple is a statue of Kwannon, the Buddhist goddess of mercy. At the dedication, Kamiya prayed that "the infinite compassion of Kwannon will protect the automobile from disasters."

To help Kwannon in this task, Toyota is trying to produce a safer car. There is much room for improvement. Since last summer, when Japan's automakers listed 2,500,000 cars as potentially defective, Toyota has recalled 971,275 autos in Japan and 58,525 Corollas in the U.S. Last week the company called in 47,879 of its Mark II series in the U.S. to check the brake master-cylinder system. Kamiya stressed that the shrine is intended for victims of accidents in all kinds of cars. Last year the worldwide death toll was about 175,000, including 55,000 in the U.S.

ADVERTISING

Promoting Nature's Friends

"We took most of the lead out, to help clean up the air," boasts an ad for Esso Big Plus gasoline. Another ad reads: "A new gasoline—non-leaded Shell of the Future. Part of Shell's drive for cleaner air." A third is headlined: "How do you pick the right gasoline to help fight pollution? Choose lead-free Amoco Super-Premium."

Spurred by mounting public alarm over smog-choked cities and a generally threatened ecology, the gasoline producers are dashing to establish their credentials as nature's protectors. They are not alone. Environmental control has become one of the hottest themes on Madison Avenue, and it now appears in ads for firms as disparate as Westinghouse, International Paper and Procter & Gamble. What is the reason? "It is partly conscience and partly good business," says Adman James Durfee, president of Carl Ally, Inc. Adds Kenyon & Eckhardt's Sam Spilo: "It is fear. Businessmen see their corporations threatened for fouling the environment and realize that they have to do something about it."

Arm & Hammer Blows. To call attention to its antipollution efforts, Armo Steel ran an ad showing its Ashland, Ky., plant under sootless blue skies. The headline: "Imagine a steel company giving up smoking. Imagine Armo." Potlatch Forests, Inc., a lumber company, has ads with scenes of forests and wildlife. One shows a sparkling, pine-flanked waterway over the headline: "It cost us a bundle, but the Clearwater River still runs clear." The message: Potlatch installed a filter plant to remove wood and bark deposited in the river by its Idaho logging operations.

Charges that phosphates in detergents ultimately kill wildlife in streams and lakes have opened new opportunities for Arm & Hammer washing soda. Ads note that it is phosphate-free and, when added to ordinary soaps like Lux or Ivory, can transform them into heavy-duty cleaners. In the interests of "helping save our nation's waters," the ad lists nine detergents with high phosphate contents and advises housewives to switch away from them—in favor of Arm & Hammer and soaps.

The environment theme can have competitive disadvantages. Coca-Cola

You can clean without phosphates.

Imagine a steelmaker giving up smoking.

Coming: a new gasoline—non-leaded Shell of the Future.

Part of Shell's drive for cleaner air.

It's here: lowest lead, highest octane gasoline for the money.

How do you pick the right gasoline to help fight air pollution?

At last, something you can do about water pollution.

Can your entire air conditioning system break down all at once?

whew!

(Lennox Modular Systems Won't)

Each Lennox unit serves its own particular area. And in case of failure, standard components insure a quick return to service. If you're planning to build, look to Lennox for *many* advantages. Individual, space-by-space temperature control. More predictable, lower costs. More predictable occupancy schedules. Greater flexibility in building use and growth. And a single source of equipment responsibility—Lennox!

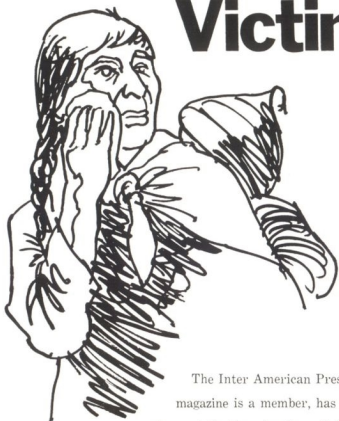
For the whole sensible story, write
Lennox Industries Inc., 891 S. 12th Avenue,
Marshalltown, Iowa 50158.

LENNOX

AIR CONDITIONING • HEATING



Help Peruvian Earthquake Victims



The Inter American Press Association, of which this magazine is a member, has set up a special fund to receive contributions for the relief of victims of Peru's devastating earthquake. The donations will be channelled to the areas of greatest need in consultation with member publications in Peru. PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY. Make checks out to "IAPA Peruvian Relief Fund," 667 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021.

President
James S. Copley
The Copley Press

Treasurer
Marian Sulzberger Heiskell
The New York Times

is running a series of messages urging customers to use returnable bottles and thus reduce litter. But Pepsi-Cola came out with an ad showing its own nonreturnable bottles. The punch line: "You'll never get a second-hand bottle from us."

Some executives assert that the public is not interested in paying for products that reduce pollution. General Motors, for example, has just spent \$50,000 to promote and test-market in Phoenix a \$20 exhaust-emission control kit for pre-1968 models. Out of 334,000 owners of such cars in the area, only 528 bought the kit. (Chrysler, on the other hand, reports brisk sales of a similar kit for its cars.)

Conservationists are pressing the Government to step into the advertising act. For example, Friends of the Earth has filed a complaint with the Federal Communications Commission demanding that the Fairness Doctrine, which now applies only to cigarette advertising, be extended to cover promotions for gasoline and cars. Last week the FCC turned down the complaint, but Friends of the Earth intends to appeal to a federal court. If the demand were met, television and radio stations would have to provide free time for messages emphasizing the dangers of automotive pollution in much the same way that anti-cigarette ads warn about smoking.

AIRLINES

The Hippie Carrier

As an Icelandic Airlines plane revved up for a flight to the U.S. last week at the Luxembourg international airport, the scene near the boarding area was typical of the line's departures. Most of the passengers—a few families with children, many students with rucksacks and a large contingent of disheveled hippies—had been waiting for six hours or more. The young people passed the time dozing on the grass, discussing astrological signs or swapping stories in the harshly lit shed that serves as a waiting room. Quite a few passengers were smoking—but not necessarily tobacco. A Luxembourg policeman moved among the more exuberant youngsters, sniffing for the telltale scent of marijuana, which is something like burning autumn leaves. "Pigs are pigs any place in the world," muttered one youth.

In some ways Icelandic, which youthful fans called the Hippie Airline, is a jet-age Toonerville Trolley. Much of its fleet, three leased DC-8 jets and four turboprop CL-44s, is on the wrong side of the aircraft generation gap. Flights from the Continent have been delayed up to twelve hours while a windshield wiper was flown from Iceland. But to its great credit, the line has not had a fatal crash in 18 years of flying the Atlantic.

Passengers who fail to reconfirm reservations 72 hours in advance lose their space and often have to stand by for two days or more to get another seat.



BOARDING ICELANDIC FLIGHT AT LUXEMBOURG AIRPORT
More than one way to fly.

Some flights between New York and Europe take 14 bumpy hours, and all stop at Reykjavik, nobody's Acapulco. Aloft, a party air pervades the aircraft as young people wander the aisle in search of companionship or add to the graffiti on the backs of seats. Lunch and dinner consist of simple food like chicken and peas.

Shunning the Cartel, Icelandic is faring much better than competitors on the lucrative North Atlantic run. In the first five months of 1970, the little line's passenger volume increased 41%, to a record 71,500 passengers. Its average load factor is an enviable 69%. Last year it earned \$1,095,000 on revenues of \$23.5 million. The biggest attraction is Icelandic's small fares. A round-trip excursion ticket between New York and Luxembourg costs \$259 in the peak season and requires no minimum stay. For turboprops the fare is \$239. The cheapest equivalent flight on any other scheduled line is \$320 New York-to-Brussels, with a minimum stay of 29 days.

The bargains exist because Icelandic refuses to join the International Air Transport Association, the rate-making cartel. As a result, only New York's John F. Kennedy Airport and Luxembourg international officially allow Icelandic to use their facilities for transatlantic jet flights. (The U.S. makes this concession because NATO has American-manned military bases in Iceland; Luxembourg's airline does not belong to I.A.T.A.) Icelandic manages to fly CL-44s out of five other European cities, but does so through a clever device. It charges I.A.T.A. rates on regular flights from, say, London or Oslo to Iceland; then it steeply reduces the fare for the rest of the journey from Iceland to New York.

Lucky Disaster. The airline was founded in 1944 by three young Icelandic pilots fresh from duty with the Royal Canadian Air Force. Business was slow until the winter of 1950, when good for-

tune visited the company in the guise of disaster: one of its planes crashed on the Vatnajökull, Europe's largest glacier. A U.S. Air Force C-47 was sent to pick up the unhurt pilots, but it could not take off again because the air was too thin. Icelandic's owners bought the plane for scrap from the Air Force for \$700. Months later, they dug it out from under 18 feet of snow, towed it 60 miles overland and sold it to Spanish buyers for \$75,000. After that windfall, Icelandic was in business to stay.

Today the airline is Iceland's largest private employer, with a staff of more than 700. It owns the country's biggest hotel, the 108-room Loftleidir in Reykjavik. Last year it bought another line, International Air Bahama, which flies between Nassau and Luxembourg. With that kind of performance, Managing Director Alfred Eliasson, who was one of the founders, is not overly concerned about competitors who criticize his low pricing policies. "No airline," he notes, "is obliged to be a member of I.A.T.A."

Yet all this success could be in jeopardy if a new fare proposal by Pan American Airways is approved at a meeting of I.A.T.A. members next month. Aiming to fill the giant 747s, Pan Am wants a \$99 one-way transatlantic fare for students, who would be offered seats on a stand-by basis.

LABOR

The Philadelphia Problem

The workers in the nation's proud and powerful building trades unions are among the highest paid in the land. For the most part, their jobs have been passed down, generally to friends or relatives, though nepotism is on the wane today. The building unionists have kept the door closed to most of the blacks who would like to join. Of the U.S.'s 1,300,000 card-carrying construction workers, only about 106,000 are black

—and four-fifths of them are laborers, the lowest paid of the lot.

In an effort to pry open the closed doors, the Nixon Administration last year sponsored a plan that would force contractors bidding on big federal projects to recruit blacks. After consulting contractors, union chiefs and black leaders in a city, Labor Department officials would determine the number of jobs to be made available in each building trade. The plan was first tried in Philadelphia, where contractors were supposed to raise the number of blacks among new workers from about 5% to 25% by 1975. Today this controversial "Philadelphia Plan" is riddled with problems.

The Government aimed at 1,000 more construction jobs for blacks, but Philadelphia contractors so far this year have hired and trained only 60. The greatest barrier appears to be a legal one. Opponents of the plan are testing it in the courts, ironically arguing that it violates the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which prohibits racial quotas in hiring. A federal district court in Philadelphia recently ruled that the plan's goals do not amount to illegal quotas; the decision is being appealed. Until the legal uncertainties are resolved, contractors and Government agencies are unlikely to pay much attention to the plan.

Escape Clause. To get around the Philadelphia Plan's mandatory federal guidelines, union and black leaders in several cities have adopted alternate "home-town" plans, which call for voluntary quotas. These plans are generally not faring well. In Pittsburgh, negotiations between union and black leaders dragged on for months. Finally a compromise was struck: 1,250 new jobs for blacks by 1974. In Chicago last summer, union and black leaders announced that they would start putting at least 4,000 blacks into building trades unions. Although the Labor Department has granted \$498,000 for training, only 75 blacks have been recruited—and the peak construction season is more than half over. The agreement has an "escape clause" that ties the unions' recruiting efforts to the state of the local economy. Since construction activity is slack, the unions do not want to train blacks for jobs that even whites cannot get. Moreover, Chicago blacks have been slow in pressing for more jobs.

St. Louis' experience with its home-town plan reveals another pitfall. Seven of 18 unions, accounting for just over half of the city's 45,000 building trades membership, have committed themselves to hiring blacks. The plan was held up until \$524,500 in federal training funds came through last month. Within a week, 25 blacks were being trained, but not in highly paid unions like the electricians', plumbers' and steam fitters'. Arthur Fletcher, Assistant Secretary of Labor, sums up the situation: "Neither the Philadelphia Plan nor the various home-town plans have accomplished a darn thing yet."

ISRAEL

The Kindest Cut of All

Traditionally barred from many occupations, the Jews of Europe's ghettos gravitated for centuries toward dealing in money and jewelry. By World War II, roughly half of the diamond cutters and polishers in Antwerp and Amsterdam were Jewish. Those who managed to flee the Nazis took their skills with them. In the late 1930s, several hundred anguished but unbeaten refugees started the industry that today produces Israel's chief export: polished diamonds.

It is an industry perfectly suited to the country's scant resources. Diamond cutting and polishing require no water, little power, few fixed assets and only a small work space. The business generates handsome profits for Israel—20% is

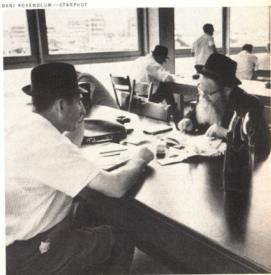
trading Selling Organization. This group is controlled by South Africa's Oppenheimer family through its De Beers company, of which the British and French Rothschilds are directors. The syndicate has a policy for holding up prices: it regularly increases them during times when world business is strong and during times of slump keeps stones in inventory rather than reduce prices. As a result, many investors continue to put their money into diamonds, which over the past five years have risen in value by 20% to 60%, depending on size and quality.

Israel still depends on the syndicate for 42% of its diamonds, but it has developed other sources as well. Western but not capitalist, white but not colonial, skilled but not rich, the Israelis were able to find friends—and diamonds—in the Congo (Brazzaville), Ghana, Si-



DIAMOND EXCHANGE IN TEL AVIV

Polishing up profits for a deficit-ridden economy.



TRADERS AT WORK

added to the value of stones by processing them. Diamonds also gain the foreign exchange that Israel's deficit-ridden war economy badly needs.

Holding Prices Up. Last year Israel exported \$216 million worth of polished diamonds, which ranked second in the world only to Belgium's \$250 million. This year the economic slump in the U.S., which is the biggest customer, has hurt the trade. According to Moshe Schnitzer, the 49-year-old Israeli exporter who is president of the World Federation of Diamond Bourses, global sales have dropped by 30% so far in 1970. But Israel has done better than its competitors because it concentrates on the smaller stones, about one carat or less, which are becoming the most popular ones, particularly in the U.S. and Japan. Israel's gem exports have declined only 11% this year.

Diamond prices have not softened, partly because most raw diamonds are sold to cutters by the London-based Cen-

terra Leone, Liberia and the Ivory Coast. Israel even gets stones from Arabs; Syrian and Lebanese diamond buyers in Africa secretly sell to Tel Aviv.

Handshake and Blessing. The Israelis have prospered in diamonds for several reasons. The government helps by providing cheap credit: 6% loans for importers of rough stones. Tel Aviv also has the world's largest diamond exchange, a new 28-story tower of Babel that houses 1,000 Israeli dealers and buyers from 50 foreign countries. Every day on its bustling trading floor, hundreds of Israeli, American, Belgian, Dutch, Japanese, Indian and Hong Kong dealers gather in small groups to inspect and bargain over \$60 million in stones. A man's word is his best asset on the trading floor; since there is not time enough to examine every stone in a packet of 50 to 100. Whatever their native language, the dealers seal each trade with a handshake and the Hebrew words *mazal ve bracha*, which means "luck and blessing."

Honor thy self.



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BOOKS

A Great Despiser

NATHANAEAL WEST: THE ART OF HIS LIFE by Jay Martin. 435 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$10.

Nathanael West habitually wore what he called "the smile of an anarchist . . . with a bomb in his pocket." He also carried the bomb. During the '30s, West flipped two high-explosive satires (*Miss Lonelyhearts*, *The Day of the Locust*) at Middle America. Hardly anybody noticed. His four novels, which took 14 years to write (1924-1938), earned him exactly \$1,280 in royalties. Twenty years after his shocking death he was recognized as the finest and blackest American humorist since Mark Twain went to his bitter end. Now, a young California English professor has at last accorded West his first full-length biography. Awed by his subject's brilliance and self-sealing reserve, Martin is too chary with his insights and interpretations. But he offers a thousand facts never printed before, and he places West just right as an apocalyptic passerby—one of the first in his crowded century to sense the secret life of the faceless crowd and to chronicle its pain and baffled rage.

Nathan Weinstein was West's real name. His father was a wealthy New York building contractor and the boy was spoiled rotten. He cut school several days a week and lounged around, soaking his head in delusions of athletic grandeur and working up torture projects in the style of Poe. In ninth grade he flunked everything, after the tenth he dropped out of high school. He entered Tufts College on a forged transcript, and when he was busted out a couple of months later he forged another and was admitted to Brown as a second-term sophomore.

Ortolans and Failure. For the next 2½ years it was girls, flasks and sis-boom-bah. But the public image concealed an all-night reader who forged through Flaubert, Rimbaud, Joyce, Proust, Eliot, Pound, Cummings, Stein, Hemingway. In the fall of 1926, with a wad in his wallet and a life of leisure in view, he changed his name to Nathanael West and sailed off to Paris to join the Lost Generation. It was going to be ortolans all the way. But that winter the family fortune showed signs of imminent collapse. Early in 1927, West found himself working as night manager in a seedy little Manhattan hotel on 23rd Street called Kenmore Hall; later, he moved uptown as manager of the shabby-genteel Sutton Club Hotel.

In disaster, it would seem, West found his will to write. In the hotels, he found his subject. He saw them as zoos of failure, terminal wards filled with "dis-mantled innocents" who had lost the battle for survival in a machine civilization. With the skinned eyes of poverty, he saw that he too might someday

lose the battle and wind up on the other side of the desk. Horrified, fascinated, wrung with love, he watched his tenants like a man watching himself die in a mirror. He chatted with them endlessly; he steamed open their letters and read their secrets; and through long, lonely nights in hotel offices, he braided their stories into books.

Mussolini of the Soul. West's first novel, a fiercely funny series of skits and snits called *The Dream Life of Balso Snell* (1931), states his intricate satiric credo: "I must laugh at myself, and if the laugh is 'bitter,' I must laugh at the laugh. I always find it necessary to burlesque the mystery of feeling at its source." West's second book, a tiny, blasphemous masterpiece called *Miss Lonelyhearts* (1933), is an almost insanely intense travesty of Christ's ministry and passion that describes the Calvary of a male reporter who writes the agony column in a metropolitan daily. Pierced to the heart by the letters he receives ("I am 16 years old . . . but no boy will take me out because I was born without a nose"), he finds himself earnestly telling his readers to come

unto him and he will give them rest.

The more he acts like Christ, the more cruelly he is razed by his diabolical editor ("Leper licker," Shrike calls him. "Still more swollen Mussolini of the soul"). Thinking to help, Miss Lonelyhearts arranges to meet one of his correspondents, a woman with a crippled husband. She rapes him. In the last scene, "his identification with God complete," Miss Lonelyhearts tries to envelop in cosmic pity the crippled husband—who seems to stand for long-suffering humanity. Terrified, the cripple shoots him dead.

Nothing else in American fiction radiates the compacted fury of this little parable. Some critics were stunned and said so—*Miss Lonelyhearts* seemed certain of a big sale. But just before copies could be shipped to the bookstores, West's publisher went bankrupt. West fled to Hollywood, where with occasional interruptions he spent the rest of his life composing movie scripts he considered "unadulterated bumabeiser."

Eros and Violence. During the first of these interruptions, West wrote a capitalist *Candide* called *A Cool Million* (1934). Political in intent, the book puts a cute left spin on the old Horatio Alger story and burlesques the American Dream as a horribly funny fascist nightmare. West was never a Communist but in 1935 his radical sympathies were strengthened by the experience of being down and out on the seamy side of Hollywood. Supported by S.J. Perelman, who had married his sister, West lived in the Pa-Va-Sed, a scabby little apartment hotel in the lower depths of movieland. The experience hurt his pride and damaged his health, but it gave him the boiling background for the best novel ever written about Hollywood.

Like West's other books, *The Day of the Locust* (1939) is essentially a loose society of sketches that enlarge a theme. The World's Illusion is objectified as Hollywood, and Hollywood is personified in Faye Greener, a bitch every man in the book is after. There are no full-fledged characters, but the book is scaled like a snake with glittering little momentary selves: studio Eskimos, horseparlor dwarfs, rentable Texans and a legion of sad-eyed nobodies who have "come to California to die." Eros is their ethos, violence their pastime. They drift toward a climax in which a holy idiot stumps a depraved child actor and in turn is torn to pieces by a giggling mob.

"To Hurt the Pain." *The Day of the Locust* sold only 1,464 copies, but in 1940 West made up to \$600 a week as a scriptwriter; that same year he married Eileen McKenney, the real-life model for the heroine of *My Sister Eileen*. Now at last he could buy time to write a big novel. But West's time was used up. In December 1940, he ran a stop sign and smashed into another car, killing his wife and himself. He was 37.

The one great weakness of this biography is Jay Martin's failure to find the



NATHANAEAL WEST IN 1931
Death at the heart.



Let's get together and talk about life.



American United Life • Indianapolis • We have been guaranteeing futures for nearly 100 years.

obscure hurt that made Nathanael West scream literature. In such a man hurt lies deeper than anger, and West knew it. In *Miss Lonelyhearts* he hinted that he wrote "for the same reason that an animal tears at a wounded foot: to hurt the pain." What crushed his heart, he acknowledged, was the difference between what life is and what it ought to be. I am, he said, "one of those 'great despisers' whom Nietzsche loved because 'they are the great adorers; they are arrows of longing for the other shore.'"

■ Brad Darrach

Nom de Plume

COLD IRON by Robert Stone Pryor. 145 pages. McCall. \$5.50.

Certainly sounds familiar. Listen: "O'Leary jumped around, thrusting his body at the crowd, throwing his hair back and reacting to the stinging high notes of the guitar with long, snaky shudders of his whole body. When he swung back to the mike, O'Leary had a red flower tucked into his pants, dangling over his fly like the nose bobble on an angler fish. O'Leary wailed into the mike 'Teach you how to ride, little girl, little girl.'" Later on, O'Leary unzips the flower from his pants and plunges himself, to the astonished edification of the teenyboppers milling around the stage.

Any resemblance to this incident and the Jim Morrison and The Doors hassle over a similar scene last year in Miami is probably a good deal more than coincidental. *Cold Iron* is a cool little novel about the rock scene, one of the few written with an obvious insider's authority and a fan's élan.

Jim O'Leary is the wild-eyed, stoned-

out leader of Cold Iron, a West Coast rock group. Trying to avoid a bust for obscene behavior, O'Leary holes up at the Malibu home of his screenwriter girl friend, Woody Hagen, whose house is kind of an intimate crash pad for the neighborhood freaks. Not a good deal happens after O'Leary's arrival, except that the gang gives a spying nark a tough time and both O'Leary and Woody stand to go to jail for a while. But they figure out a method to coast all the way: "If you go in," O'Leary says, "I'll keep you stoned the whole time, and you do the same for me."

A good deal more could have been done in the way of such niceties as plot and character, but the atmosphere can hardly be faulted. That is not surprising, considering that Robert Stone Pryor is a pseudonym for Cecilia Holland, at 26 the well-known author of four well-wrought and successful works of romantic historical fiction: *The Firedrake*, 1966; *Rakosy*, 1967; *The Kings in Winter*, 1968; *Until the Sun Fails*, 1969; and most recently *Antichrist*, released this spring at almost the same time as *Cold Iron*. A former graduate student in medieval history at Columbia and a onetime clerk at Brentano's Manhattan bookstore, Miss Holland recently moved to a commune in Pasadena, Calif., having become deeply involved with the world of West Coast rock. Her former publisher, Atheneum, refused to publish *Cold Iron*, because the company felt the book's seamy sides would damage the author's standing with her regular readership. She then offered it to McCall, which brought it out under a nom de plume concocted from the name of her agent, Roberta Pryor.

The rock scene is an odd setting for a writer whose previous books have tried to bring to life Norman England and Hungary in the 16th century, as well as for a girl who grew up reading Gregory of Tours as a teen-ager and still holds a grudge against Gibbon for leaving the footnotes to *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* in Latin. "Call it wish fulfillment!" she insists, talking of *Cold Iron*, "call it fantasy, but don't call it autobiography." The book took a year and a half to write and required 15 new versions. "Writing about history is easier," explains Robert Stone Pryor. "You know what the results are. All you have to do is think back."

■ Jay Cocks

Midsummer Dream

LIGHTNING BUG by Donald Harington. 212 pages. Lawrence/Delacorte. \$5.95.

The screen door pushed outward in a slow swing, the spring on the screen door stretching vibrantly, a plangent twang, WRIRRRRAANG, which, more than any other sound, more than all those over-worked katydids, crickets, tree frogs, etc., seems to evoke the heart of summer.

The screen door wrirrrraangs at the post office-general store run by Miss

Latha Bourne in Stay More, a community of 113 souls deep in the Ozark Mountains. It also opens on a tall tale that is a love story as well, told by a young man who is reconstructing the events of a summer he once spent totally in Latha's thrall. He was five years old at the time.

Latha is a handsome woman of 38, waiting with the guile and patience of Penelope for her fractious true love, a hill-billy hell raiser named Every Dill. Many years before, Every had not only raped and robbed her but rescued her from a mental hospital into which her mean big-city sister had placed her when she was entirely sane. Latha does not lack for more manageable suitors—the town drunk, an amorous farmer, the entrapped child. But she waits, more or less chastely, for Every to return. Eventually he does so, a reformed man turned revival preacher.

They find their old passion still alive, but time has altered their outlooks. Latha, earthy and somewhat affronted by the sudden inclusion of God in her plans, insists on making love before marriage; Every, the onetime rapist, now understandably wants to clear things with the Almighty. Using a pinch of horse sense and an ecclesiastical sophistry, they manage to work things out.

Lightning Bug is a modest but totally satisfying novel. Like the little boy Donny, the author spent his childhood summers in the Ozarks, and to him the men of Stay More are still gods. In his private time capsule, the arrival of the mail and the ice peddler or—evil day—the revenuer become the rituals of an obscure epoch. Like the late James Agee, he reverses the most ordinary aspects of the lives of unexceptional people, and with lyrical comedy and irony, he makes his joy infectious.

■ Martha Duffy



ROBERT STONE PRYOR
From Columbia to commune.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Love Story, Segal (1 last week)
2. The Crystal Cave, Stewart (2)
3. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (4)
4. Great Lion of God, Caldwell (3)
5. Deliverance, Dickey (5)
6. The Secret Woman, Holt (7)
7. Bech: A Book, Updike (6)
8. Calico Palace, Bristow (8)
9. Losing Battles, Welty (10)
10. The Lord Won't Mind, Merrick (9)

NONFICTION

1. Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex, Reuben (1)
2. The Sensuous Woman, "J" (2)
3. Ball Four, Bouton (6)
4. Zelda, Milford (4)
5. Up the Organization, Townsend (3)
6. Human Sexual Inadequacy, Masters and Johnson (5)
7. The Wall Street Jungle, Ney (7)
8. From Those Wonderful Folks Who Gave You Pearl Harbor, Della Femina
9. Hard Times, Terkel (9)
10. Mary Queen of Scots, Fraser (8)



1.
Winston tastes good
like a cigarette should.

2.
You mean...
as a cigarette
should.

3.
What do you want,
good grammar
or good taste?

4.
I wish these people
would get
off my lawn.

SUPER



KING

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An act of the gods made this the best tasting rum in the world.

Leilani Rum is made in Hawaii.
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the help of three gods.

The god of Volcanoes. The god of
Sun. And the god of Rain.

The god of Volcanoes gave us the
volcanic soil to grow the finest sugar
cane in the world.

The god of Sun gave us 350 days a
year of sunshine to grow the richest
sugar cane in the world.

And the god of Rain gave us plen-
ty of water to grow the juiciest sugar
cane in the world.

With that kind of help, Leilani has
to taste great.

Thanks, gods.

HAWAIIAN RUM - 80 PROOF - CALVERT DIST. CO. - HONOLULU, HAWAII

